

Stricken With Paralysis.

Solomon McMaster, of New Chester, a soldier of the Civil War, aged 67 years, was stricken with paralysis of his left side Saturday afternoon while making some purchases in Allen's store in Gettysburg. A physician was summoned and was found impossible to remove Mr. McMaster to his home and he was taken to the home of Mrs. S. H. Taughnbaugh, in Gettysburg. His wife was summoned at once and is now with him at Gettysburg. At last accounts he was improving.

Annual Picnics.

The annual picnic for the benefit of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, will be held at the usual place, in Pfeiffer's grove, in New Oxford Borough, on Saturday, Aug. 16, 1902. These picnics will have many new attractions this year besides those had in former years. There will be amusements for everybody, and the meals will be fully up to the standard of past years. Everybody is invited to come and have a day of enjoyment. In either case, should the weather be unfavorable on Saturday the picnic will be held on Monday or the first fair day thereafter.

Severely Bitten by a Dog.

John McMillen, a veteran of the Civil War, and an inmate of the National Soldiers' Home at Dayton, O., was attacked by a savage dog Tuesday while passing along the Hoover farm, on the pike, about seven miles west of York, and his left leg was badly chewed up.

McMillen is visiting relatives in York and Adams Counties, and while passing the Hoover farm a large shepherd dog attacked him and had it not been for one of the women who came to the old soldier's rescue, he would have fared worse than he did.

After the dog was driven away, the man's wounds were bandaged and he managed to hobble to York, where the wounds were cauterized. McMillen sent to the city hospital for treatment.

One Way to Settle It

A Gettysburg dispatch to the Philadelphia Ledger says that the nomination of William McClean for Congress is considered to unravel the entanglement in the York-Adams district. Since the two York county aspirants—ex-Congressman E. D. Ziegler and H. N. Gitt—are on bitter terms, and since neither is unfriendly with the choice of Adams, it is argued that they will both favor him in preference to the success of their opponent. Adams is positive in her refusal to give York the nomination this year out of turn, and if York does not yield Adams is prepared to go to the extreme of having two Democratic candidates in the field, thus inviting defeat in this strong Democratic district.

Central Pennsylvania was swept by a terrific electrical storm early Friday morning, and much damage was done by rain, hail, wind and lightning. The Constoga Park Theatre at Lancaster, the store of Mossina, Heiser & Co., the barns of Cornelius Reese and of Michael Cassell, near Lingertown, of Jerome Tomney, near Newport, of Henry Shupp, near Stroudsburg, and of William Shield, near Lansdale, were burned. Many other buildings were damaged. Howard Wood, aged 14 years, was killed by lightning in an oats field near Doylestown. The flood damage was extensive and heavy.

Cattle shippers say that the high prices lately paid for stable fed cattle have practically stripped Eastern Pennsylvania bare of beef producing stock, every steer, bull and old cow fit to kill having gone to the block. In consequence the butchers of Eastern Pennsylvania have been obliged two weeks earlier than usual to supply themselves with western cattle and the demand for them already exceeds the supply. In spite of the fact that farms are bare of stock, few farmers are buying cattle to fatten.

Progressing Backwards.

The York Dispatch says the postoffice department does not want to discontinue any post-office unless the post office receive a better service than they now get. If that is so, they can restore Centennial post-office at Mount Rock, at once.

Free delivery was established in that vicinity about the request of the people and the office was continued in spite of their protests. A petition has been sent to the authorities signed, it is said, by 200 citizens, asking that the post-office be restored and the old service be established. The free mail delivery at Centennial is a big step backwards, as the mail is now delivered only once a day and that a day later mail having first to be sent to Littlestown or Gettysburg.

Court Items.

Peter B. Kauffman, executor of the will of Anna Kauffman, dec'd, discharged.

Appeal of Sarah A. Fuhrman, Administratrix of estate of Daniel S. Fuhrman, dec'd, to Superior Court, filed.

Inventory and appraisal of the property retained by Sarah J. Warren, widow of John A. Warren, dec'd, filed and approved.

E. G. Ross and Geo. R. Hertzman appointed appraisers to set aside the property of Michael P. Rice, dec'd, for use of widow.

John W. Yeatts, appointed guardian of William Atlee Yeatts.

John Winters discharged from jail.

FITZSIMMONS KNOCKED OUT

Jeffries Won Fight in Eighth Round by Two Lucky Punches.

San Francisco, July 26.—After fighting a battle of eight rounds that was fought with brilliant and courageous work, Robert Fitzsimmons last night forfeited his last claim upon the heavy-weight championship. He was knocked to the floor by Jeffries and counted out, after he had so badly punished the champion that it was a foregone conclusion among the spectators that the Cornishman must win. Bleeding from a number of gashes in the face, apparently weakening, and clearly unable to cope with Fitzsimmons' superior skill, Jeffries delivered two lucky punches as Fitz paused in his fighting to speak to him, and turned the tide.

Fitzsimmons had been fighting at a furious gait, cool and deliberate and chopping the champion to pieces with the terrific rights and lefts that have made him famous. In the eighth round, and under a series of hot exchanges, Fitzsimmons paused with his guard down and spoke to the champion. The latter's reply consisted of the two terrific blows that brought back to him the fleeing championship and forever removed the veteran Fitzsimmons from the fist arena. Fitzsimmons took his defeat with amazing good cheer. He walked to the center of the ring, and, raising his hand, addressed the multitude, saying:

"The best man has won. Had I beaten Jeffries tonight I would have conceded him the championship and retired forever. I retire just the same now, but without having accomplished my ambition. I am satisfied."

"You are the most dangerous man alive," said Jeffries in return, "and I consider myself lucky to have won when I did."

The total receipts from the sale of tickets was \$31,880; 70 per cent. to contestants, \$22,316; 60 per cent. of 70 to Jeffries, \$13,387; 40 per cent. of 70 to Fitzsimmons, \$8,929; revenue of club from this source, \$8,564.

SLAIN AND CAST ADRIFT

Four Americans Murdered By Filipinos In Mindoro.

Washington, July 30.—Manila papers received at the War Department give an account of the beginning of the trial of 13 natives in the island of Mindoro who were charged with killing of four Americans. The names and identity of the Americans could not be obtained. From one of the 23 men arrested a partial story of the massacre has been obtained. The four Americans approached the shore of Mindoro in a boat, and as soon as they landed the natives attacked them. The bodies then were put in the boat and cast adrift. The finding of the boat by the Americans led to the discovery of the crime, and confessions from some of the natives gave such facts as have been obtained.

Washington, July 20.—The members of the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers Local Union 26, who have been employed on repair work at the White House have quit work in order to enforce the rules of the union. The cause of the "walk out" it is stated, is the refusal of the New York firm having the contract for electrical work at the White House to accept the local terms of the Electrical Workers Union.

FATAL ELECTION RIOTS

Congressional Contest in Southern New Jersey Ends in Bloodshed.

John Morissy Was Killed in Camden, Pugilist Joe Goddard Fatally Shot in Pensauken Township, and Two Others Seriously Stabbed.

Camden, N. J., July 29.—The primary election for delegates to the convention of the First congressional district of New Jersey were held yesterday afternoon and evening in Camden, Gloucester and Salem counties, which comprise the district. The candidates for the nomination are Henry C. Loudenslager, the present congressman, and J. Alphons Van Sant. The contest has been one of the most bitter ever held in Southern New Jersey. The polls were open from 5 p. m. to 8 p. m., and the three hours were marked with serious fighting. John Morissy was killed in this city, and Joe Goddard, the well-known heavy-weight pugilist, of Philadelphia, was probably fatally shot while electioneering in Pensauken township. Policeman Harry Miller was dangerously stabbed in this city, and a fourth man received serious stab wounds at "Dog Corner," near Merchantville.

Goddard was at a voting place in Pensauken township when he was shot. He was with a number of men who were traveling from one polling place to another. The pugilist got into a quarrel with a colored constable named Robert Washington. It is alleged that Goddard assaulted the constable with a base ball bat, and the colored man, in self-defense, shot Goddard in the head. The constable surrendered himself to the police, and the wounded prize fighter was brought to the Cooper Hospital here, where the physicians say he may die.

Near the same polling place Constable Isaac Fowler, while in a fight, was stabbed twice. His wounds, though painful, are not considered serious. There was considerable trouble in Pensauken township and at Merchantville, and a number of persons were badly beaten.

The most serious affray occurred at Third and Beckett streets, in this city. Each side had a crowd at the polling place at that point, and a general riot was started. When it was all over it was found that a man, who was later identified as John Morissy, of Philadelphia, aged 35 years, had been shot through the heart by some unknown person, and a policeman, not in uniform, named Harry Miller, had received two cuts on the head and a probably fatal stab wound in the left lung. There were a number of other persons in the fight hurt, but not seriously.

Both sides claim the election, but the returns from the three counties indicate that Loudenslager has secured a majority of the delegates. The adherents of both Loudenslager and Van Sant are charging each other with fraud and with bringing large numbers of repeaters from Philadelphia. The convention will be held at Woodbury Wednesday.

CONDEMNED MURDERER TO WED

Intended Bride Was Indirect Cause of Crime For Which He Will Hang.

Baltimore, Md., July 30.—John Wesley Devine, colored, who is to be hanged on September 18, announced yesterday that he will in a day or two marry the woman who was indirectly the cause of the crime for which he will suffer the death penalty. Rev. George W. Lane, a Baptist minister, the murderer's spiritual adviser, says he will perform the ceremony.

On May 18 Devine quarreled with Mary Jones in the house in which they lived. He assaulted the woman, and she summoned the police. As Patrolman Donohue entered the house the negro shot and killed him. Devine was tried and convicted of the murder. Mary Jones has visited the condemned man frequently, with the result that Devine, who appears to be very contrite, has proposed marriage. Rev. Lane says he will marry and baptize Devine at the same time.

Was Determined to Die.

St. Joseph, Mo., July 30.—Charles Preble, a prominent farmer and stockman, residing near Lenham, Neb., made three attempts to commit suicide yesterday before succeeding. He first tried to shoot himself through the heart, but the bullet, the last one in the revolver, failed to strike a vital spot. He then leaped into a 5-foot well, but was taken out by relatives. Later he took the rope from the well and hung himself from a rafter in his barn. Heavy floods, which ruined hundreds of acres of his crops, causing him heavy losses, is responsible for the act.

Violence in Coal Strike

Crowds Assembled at Collieries and Stoned Non-Union Men.

Labors Leader Denies Report that Strikers Will Receive No More Relief for Two Weeks, and Says Contributions Will Be Received Right Along.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 30.—President Mitchell will start this week to fill some engagements he has to deliver addresses before United Mine Workers' assemblies in different parts of the anthracite region. Ever since Mr. Mitchell made his headquarters in Wilkesbarre he has been besieged by committees from various "locals," who wanted him to name a date on which he could deliver an address. It is said he will visit the Schuylkill region first and deliver addresses at Shenandoah and Mahanoy City. Mr. Mitchell says there is no truth in the report that he started to a committee of merchants who waited on him that there would be no more money to distribute among the strikers until August 15. He claims contributions will be received right along from miners' organizations and other labor unions.

A crowd of 1,500 men and boys prevented the resumption of work at the Wanke washery at Duryea yesterday morning. A number of men came down from Scranton to work at the washery. They were at once surrounded by a threatening crowd. Sheriff Jacobs sent four deputies to the scene but when they arrived the mob had dispersed. The men who had been hired to work at the washery were badly frightened, and when the train for Scranton came along they jumped aboard without much ado. A volley of stones followed them. The operator of the washery says he will not make another attempt to resume operations.

Will Ask For Troops.

Shamokin, July 30.—One thousand men, women and children assembled at the Mineral Company's Cameron colliery last evening and booed and cursed non-union men as they quit work. A delegation of boys stoned several sub-bosses as they entered town. Chief Burgess Thomas and the police charged the crowd and put them to flight. The coal company officials say they will ask for troops if there is a continuance of the attempts to annoy the workmen.

Non-Union Men Stoned.

Mount Carmel, Pa., July 30.—Two crowds of strikers numbering fully three thousand men, women and children, collected at all the Reading and Union Company operations between here and Shamokin last evening and hurled stones and sticks at the non-union men. Six of the latter were captured by the mob near Richards colliery and were badly pummeled. On promising to remain away from the colliery until the strike ends they were liberated. Several scores of non-union men remained at a couple of the mines last night afraid to face the strikers who are picketed along roads leading into town.

STRIKE MAY LAST TWO MONTHS

It Is Believed Anthracite Mines Will Not Start Before October.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 30.—The conditions as they exist today in the coal regions give rise to the belief that the strike will not end before September; perhaps not until toward the close of that month. It will take from two to three weeks to get the mines and the machinery of mining in full working order after the men have signified their willingness to return to work. In other words, a full restoration of mining in the anthracite regions is not anticipated before the month of October.

There have been statements from time to time within the past few weeks to the effect that this, that and the other colliery had on its roll the names of enough miners seeking employment to justify opening up the mines. So far as the big companies are concerned, there is none of them that could tomorrow open a single one of its mines.

Kansas Hangmen Were Busy.

Little Rock, Ark., July 29.—Six men were hanged in this state yesterday for murder. Two of the number who paid the death penalty were white men. The hangings were as follows: At Washington, Dee Nolan, colored, for wife murder; Tom Simms, colored, for murder of Nancy and Thelma Jackson. At Arkansas City, James Kirta, colored, for murder of Jim Johnson. At Forest City, Cy Turner, colored, for murder of Robert Black. At Vanhook, Dave McWhorter, his wife murder. At Dyer, Pa., Ed. Humber, in the murder of Thelma Black.

FUTURE OF THE BOERS

Chamberlain Says They Will Eventually Have Self-Government.

London, July 29.—Mr. Chamberlain's appearance in the house of commons yesterday was marked by a speech, which won the applause even of such opponents as Henry Labouchere. Mr. Chamberlain dealt comprehensively with the past and future of South Africa.

"We are not going to allow the result of the war to be undermined," said Mr. Chamberlain, "by intrigues carried on by nominally constitutional means." Regarding the future status of South Africa, the colonial secretary said the imperial government had established a crown colony in the strictest sense. The next step would be to add a nominated official element. Thereafter there would be an elected official element, and then nothing but circumstances and time would separate the new colonies from full self-government, the ultimate goal of their ambition. That consummation would not be delayed; if for no other reason, because it might relieve the government of the tremendous burden of responsibility involved in the present situation; but all must understand that the government would not be rushed or hustled into any action which circumstances did not warrant. The speaker said he was one of those optimistic enough to believe that the new colonies would reach the ultimate goal of their ambition much sooner than many persons now thought possible. So far as the government was concerned, the surrender promises would be kept in spirit as well as in letter.

MANY INJURED IN TRAIN WRECK

While Rounding Curve Rails Spread, Throwing Car On Its Side.

Mahanoy City, Pa., July 29.—The last car of the west-bound train due here at 11:09 a. m., on the Mahanoy division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, was wrecked near Delano yesterday, and the 35 occupants of the car were more or less seriously hurt.

The most seriously injured are: Stephen Waeker, Mt. Carmel, leg and head hurt; C. F. Ruff, Philadelphia, ribs fractured, head and hands cut and internally injured; Mrs. Annie Paroisk and two children, Mahanoy City, hands lacerated, body cut and contused; Mrs. Joseph Price, Wilkesbarre, nose fractured and shoulder hurt; Rose Sycavage, Hazleton, nose broken, head gashed; Irene and Annabelle Hirsch, Tamaqua, arms bruised and body cut; William Stirling, wife and daughter, Wilkesbarre, arms and legs bruised; Ethel Robinson, Philadelphia, arm cut and otherwise hurt. Scarcely one of the 35 persons escaped some injury.

The train was traveling rapidly and rounding a curve when the accident happened. All but the last car had gone around the bend, when the rails spread, throwing the last car on its side and dragging it for a short distance. The passengers were thrown heavily against the roof and side of the coach.

EARTHQUAKES IN THE WEST

People of Lompoc Valley, Cal., Ran From Their Homes in Terror.

Lompoc, Cal., July 29.—Lompoc Valley experienced a severe earthquake shock at 10:35 o'clock Sunday night. At that time a violent shock was felt, which lasted fully 20 seconds, and was so severe that dishes, clocks, house plants and other articles were thrown from shelves. The people were stricken with terror and ran from their houses, some fearing to return, as other lighter shocks continued for several hours afterward. Another heavy shock was felt at 5 a. m. and one at 11 a. m. yesterday. A large water tank was knocked over, the earth cracked at many different places and the Santa Inez river bed was slightly changed at places.

Santa Barbara, Cal., July 29.—Advices received from Los Angeles, 45 miles north of this place, report that an unusually severe shock of earthquake occurred about 11 o'clock Sunday night, doing damage to the property of the Western Union Oil Company, estimated at from \$12,000 to \$15,000.

At Harris Station, on the railway, a fissure is reported to have issued, and from it a stream of water two feet deep and 15 feet wide is now flowing. A slight shock of earthquake was felt in Santa Barbara shortly before 11 o'clock yesterday, but no damage was done.

Philadelphia, July 30.—William Chamberlain, colored, 26 years old, of 4223 Willow street, fell among the knives of a day maid at Henry's block works, Fifty-fourth street and Rittenhouse, yesterday and was badly injured. He was taken to the University Hospital, where he died shortly after admission.

Lion Coffee

is 16 ounces of pure coffee to the pound. Coated Coffees are only about 14 ounces of coffee and two ounces of eggs, glue, etc., of no value to you, but money in the pocket of the roaster.

The sealed package insures national quality and freshness.

ROBERT JARDINE'S WOOING

An Annandale Romance.

THE Black Bull was not an ordinary inn—rather a survival of the wayside house of rest. A wood of pines stretched from the rear down to the river, and the cheerful white front of the house stood out from the gloomy background, beckoning welcome like a human friend.

On each side the porch were benches where the farmers sat on market days exchanging the gossip of the countryside. Indoors the best kitchen was the gathering place.

On a certain March morning a fire of pine logs blazed in the grate, and the side window was thrown open to let the breeze from the pine wood stray in. Contrary to precedent, the hostess of the Black Bull was a spinster. While her father lived she had set aside all offers of marriage, and stood staunchly between the old man and his besetting sin of conviviality till she laid him, honored and lamented, in the kirkyard on the hill.

One suitor had remained persistent, Robert Jardine, of The Willows. His farm was on the Dumfriesshire hill, and he looked down on the Black Bull from its gable windows. But he did not content himself with that. He was a frequent visitor, and Esther Morrison's face took a tinge of pink, and she gave a hasty touch to her smooth hair as she heard his voice in the porch. She was a prim, precise young woman with fixed ideas, and Robert Jardine was easy-going and genial; so, by law of contrasts, they were made for one another. He was a man of few words, and it was enough for him to stand with his back to the fire, stroking his brown beard, and watching Esther. No one would have taken him for a wooer, and yet, in his slow fashion, he was bearing down steadily on the port of matrimony.

"It's real heartsome up yonder the now," he said. "The sole-thorn's a' in bloom in the lane, an' the birdies are singin' and the lambs skippin' in the meadow—it's real heartsome at The Willows."

It was not the first time Esther had heard the charms of The Willows, varied only by the season.

"I wouldn't wonder," she assented. "The country's aye nice in the spring-time. Is it a good season for the lambs, Robert?"

"Well, I ha'e seen better. There's a good few o' them dousy enough like, I'm no' so rich the year as I thought to be. Ye see, I was reckonin' on gettin' the house new papered an' painted this spring, but," with a wistful glance at her, "I'm waitin'."

Esther smiled. "John Robinson was askin' me if you'd a mind to sell the Black Bull. He'd give ye a good price for't." He did not look at her again, for he knew by heart the obstinate upcast of her chin when he mooted this topic.

"An' what for would I sell the Black Bull, Robert Jardine? Folk shouldna be in haste to make changes. They'll be the longer o' ruinin' them."

He sighed. "Well, I must be movin' home, though there's nobody carin' much what road I go. I'm missin' the old mother more every day."

The words touched her. She held out her hand, and it was lost in his.

"Some day, Robert, maybe there will be one to watch for your hame comin'."

His face flushed, and he laid his hands on her shoulder, but she drew back.

"Oh, I'm no sayin' who it will be," she added.

"There's but one woman in the world for me, an' we'll ye ken that, Esther," he said sternly, and strode away.

The little town among the hills was an uneventful spot, and sensations were rare and precious. One of these was the yearly visit of Signor Jacobi with his circus and menagerie. It was the market day, and crowds stood gaping at the gay procession. In startling contrast with the ladies in velvet and spangles was a monster ape in a cage bringing up the rear. His crafty, old be wrinkled face looked out from between the bars, and he put forth a stealthy hand to seize an inquisitive old farmer's spectacles or snatch a swain's gay necktie. Suddenly, no one could tell how or why, a hubbub arose—shrieks and jesting and scurrying. The fastenings of the ape's cage had given way, and, with a wild dash for freedom, he bounded, jabbering and chattering, over the heads of the terrified crowd. Signor Jacobi smoked his pipe that afternoon in the porch of the Black Bull. The performance was postponed, while his troupe scattered in quest of the missing member.

"He has the cunning of fifty foxes, has old Jargo," he said. "He has doubled on me more than once; but he turns up when he gets hungry. He's a crafty old boy."

"You'll come with me to the show, Esther?" asked Jardine, who loved a variety entertainment.

"No, no, Robert, I cannot leave the

house. I promised the maids to let them go; besides, I have my accounts to make up. I must be bankin' my money."

"You are gettin' to be a rich woman, Esther. I wish The Willows was doin' as well as the Black Bull; sheep farmin' is risky business."

She looked at him anxiously. She knew that his father had been a "waster," and it was uphill work to restore the farm to prosperity; but it was not her way to express sympathy.

The town was very quiet next evening; every one who could afford it was at the circus. The side windows of the best kitchen were wide open, and the spring breeze wafted the muslin curtains inward. Esther sat at a table with the contents of a leather bag spread before her—a heap of sovereigns glittered in the light from the pine logs. She lifted the gold in her fingers, counting it with a pleased expression. She had a self-satisfied conviction that success like hers must be the reward of a good church-goer and an upright woman. She had no fear to be alone in the house with so much money, for thieves were rare in Annandale. There was a rustling sound among the shrubs at the window, but she did not hear it. The bell of the outer door jingled, and, gathering the coins into the bag, she set it on a shelf and went out. It was old Mr. Meldrum, a frequenter of the inn; he was an elder of the kirk, and he gave her his opinion at length on "playactin' an' a' sic devices o' Sawtan." As he was leaving her she heard hasty footsteps run down the passage to the kitchen, and at the door she met Robert Jardine. He was hurried and breathless.

"I'm late for the show, Esther; you won't come? Well, I brought you a posy to keep you from feelin' lonesome."

He patted her shoulder and rushed out. The kitchen was filled with fragrance from a bunch of violets on the table. She buried her face in their cool, purple beauty.

"He's a faithful soul, Robert Jardine," she said to herself. "A body might do worse than take him at his word—some day."

She turned to take the bag and lock it up in the safe. It was gone! Two of the sovereigns lay on the floor. A hasty hand had snatched the bag and dropped them out. She saw it all in a dreadful vision, and the hand she saw was Robert Jardine's! It all flashed in grim detail on her limited brain. His hints of losses, his hurried air. There was a mortgage on The Willows; perhaps the interest was not ready. He knew she could never charge her father's friend and her own with theft. And so she thought bitterly he had robbed a lonely woman. She paced the room wringing her hands. The pine logs were dying into ashes, and the air was chill. She closed the window, picking up her overturned work-table. Robert Jardine a thief! And this was the end of it all. She never knew till then how strongly she had cherished the thought of a love-lit home and little children round her knee. No, she could never marry a thief. But surely, it had been a sudden impulse; he would come back and explain. She would lend him all he needed. She heard the servants' voices at the rear. The show was over. The farmers' springcarts flew past, the east wind sighed through the pines. She listened for the rapid hoof-beats of Robert's chestnut. Yes, there he comes—sloower; he is going to stop. No; he passes on. She buries her face in her hands, and, like a dirge of lost love, comes the murmur of the river flowing down from Ericsane Burn.

Then she started up, and seizing the Violets—his sweet gift—she hung them into the fire, piling fresh logs upon them, and watching them with the and squint like living things.

But when the maids came in she was calm, and none of them guessed that their mistress had touched the borderland of tragedy that night.

A week passed, in which she did not see Robert Jardine. She said nothing of her loss; it would be her secret—and his. She heard among the gossips in the parish that he had gone to Glasgow, and that he was making some improvements on the farm.

"He'll be takin' hame his wife some o' these days, Miss Esther," said old Mrs. Burrows, the matchmaker of the town. "An' she'll be no can say him nay. It's lang he has waited, an' it's a guid fairm, The Willows; an' he's a gey decent lad, Robert Jardine."

Esther smiled at her.

He came on market day, but there was a crowd in the porch, and the benches were filled with smokers. She did not see him till afternoon. He took his usual stand on the hearth, and looked around.

"Your violets will be withered by now?" he said. "I'll bring you fresh ones. They're fine the now down the bank where mother planted them, an' the daffy down dillies, as Molly calls

them, are comin' out in the long meadow. You're fond o' flowers, Esther? They're real heartsome."

"Yes," she answered coldly. "I'm for takin' in more ground at the rear an' plantin' a flower garden."

He stared blankly at her.

"You're what? An' what for would you lay out money for other folk that way, Esther? The Willows will be ready for you, an' what's to hinder the weddin'?"

She looked straight in his eyes. How could he meet her glance and know he had robbed her?

"There'll be no weddin' for me, Robert Jardine," she said. "You'll have to seek your wife elsewhere."

He started forward to grasp her hand, but she pushed him back.

"No word more shall cross my lips; but well you know I can never marry you—now."

"Never marry me? An' what for, do you think, I have been toilin' at these years if it wasna to make a home for you? An' now you say you can never marry me."

He stood before her, his face working with emotion.

"I'm no great things, maybe, but I'm your faithful lover, Esther, an' you're not goin' to throw me over in the face o' a' the neighbors. It's not as if we were strangers; you ken me lang enough."

"Ay, fine I ken you, Robert," she said drily. "I woul' maybe be a happier woman this day if I didna."

"I'm banded if I can make out wha you're drivin' at," he retorted in anger. "Will ye speak straight, an' tell me why you're throwin' me over? You're mair glib wi' the speech than me."

"I have nothing to say if you have not. I cannot help what the neighbors think. I do not mean to marry you."

"So be it, then. You'll be fashed wi' me nae mair. Ye can spier me when ye want me back," he said, flinging out. She watched him mounting his spring cart, and unwilling tears clouded her sight.

Snow fell late that year, checking the promise of spring, and the hedges, instead of whitening with hawthorn buds, were weighted with a pallid burden. There was much gossip over the cessation of Robert Jardine's wooing, for every one was interested in the love story of the mistress of the Black Bull.

Esther's heart was heavy, and as the snow began to thaw she turned her thoughts to the garden she meant to lay out to the edge of the pine trees. She kilted up her skirts and made her walk over the heaps of last year's leaves. In a hollow something red caught her eye. Stooping over it she saw that it was a scarlet jacket with gay brass buttons. She took a branch and cleared the snow away. Some bulky thing lay beneath. A shudder seized her; it looked like a human body. Had some poor creature perished in the snow? There was a heap of bones under the scarlet cloth. Again a shudder seized her, though she was not a nervous woman. She swept away the last remnant of snow, and there lay bare a ghastly object—the gigantic skeleton of the lost ape!

She was turning away to make known her discovery, when something stopped her. This time it was the glitter of gold. Under the fleshless fingers was a leather bag. Some of its contents lay on the earth. Conquering her repulsion, she withdrew the bag and gathered up the coins. It was her lost property.

A sudden faintness seized her; she remembered in a flash the open window, the overturned work-table. To think that she had held Robert Jardine for a thief and lost him!

She concealed the bag under her cloak. No one had known of her loss; none need know of its recovery. She went in by the back kitchen; the servants were whispering together in a group.

"Haud yer tongue, she'll hear ye. Wha's gawn tae tell her?" some one said.

"What is it?" she asked sharply. She turned to her old Irish cook, whose ruddy face had grown pale. "Speak, Betty; what is wrong?"

"They're sayin', mistress, that Mr. Jardine has broke his neck or something!" Betty blurted out. "But I wudn't be aither heedin' him if I was you. It'll not be a word av thruth'll be in't at all, at all."

But she did not hear the attempt at comfort; it seemed to her she had always known how the story would end. The servants looked in silent pity at her white, set face as she passed out of the kitchen. She locked the bag in the safe, and set out for The Willows. It was a long walk, but she felt the need of action. As she ascended the hill she could hear the bleating of the sheep in the fields of The Willows. She had never guessed till now how strong a hold this place had on her affections as her future home. A sorrow, dark-browed woman opened the door.

"Eh, it's no' yersel', Miss Morrison?" she drily asked. "Ay, the maister's hed a sair come down. The doctor says he's no' to be disturbed by naeboddy."

"Then he is not—"

"Na, na, he's no' deid, though there's them that hasna been carin' muckle what cam' tae him."

She stood blocking up the door, but Esther pushed past her.

"I'm going to him, Molly," she said.

"Weel, he's in the auld mistress's chaumber, but I'll no' tak' the responsibility—"

Esther went softly along the corridor, and opened the door. A sunbeam struck through a corner of the blind, but the room looked bare and chilly. His bandaged head rested on the pillow; his face was ghastly, but his eyes turned on her with a look of glad surprise.

"Why, Esther?" he said.

"Hush, don't speak, Robert. I heard you were hurt, and I came to you."

"Ay, I had a near shave. Prince wudn't take the dyke. I've been a bit reckless this while. Nobody cared, ye see, Esther." His brow contracted in pain, and he stopped.

"Yes, dear, I cared," she whispered, stooping over him. A crimson blush crept over her face and neck, and she kissed him on the mouth. Never in all his long wooing had he ventured to kiss her. Surely he must be dreaming now!

"You mind what you said to me. If I wanted you I must spier you. Get better, dear, for my sake, and then you will let me come home to you."

She struggled with her shy pride to bring out the words, and they revived him like wine. The deadly depression that had baffled the doctor's skill began to lighten, and the patient revived with the tonic of hope. Esther left the Black Bull to the care of her maids, and nursed her lover back to health.

The doctor rubbed his hands, well pleased. "He's going to do, after all," he said. "But I don't know that I have all the credit of the case. He was bent on slipping through my fingers. Now he wants to get round, and that's half the battle."

When the roses bloomed white among the ivy in the porch of The Willows Esther Jardine came home. John Robinson is the landlord of the Black Bull, and The Willows is more heartsome than ever under the rule of its tidy mistress.

Now and again a memory comes to her of the sinister visitor that almost robbed her of life's treasure of love, and she has learned to be very charitable in her judgments.—Scotch-American.

DERIVATION OF "LOAFER."

Cecil Rhodes May Have Understood It in the Sense of Josh Billings.

The question as to the derivation of that word "loafer" which Mr. Rhodes's will is likely to elevate from the slang dictionary is already getting acute. The word is Spanish, and, like galoot and others, came from Mexico through Texas to the States. It is the Anglicized or Americanized form of *gallero*, "an idle, lazy vagabond," passing, as any student of Bartlett knows, through *glofero*, and *glofer* to *lofer*, and ending up with the pretence of having something English or American about it, as "loafer," a man who has no casual connection with the loaf he does not earn.

Of the loafer Josh Billings has given in his "Alminax" a description which would have gone to Cecil Rhodes's heart, as of the type of man who was not to inherit Dalham or any other property that was his, if he could help it: "The loafer is a thing who is willing to be despised for the privilege of abusing others. He occupies all grades in society, from the judge on the bench clear down to the ragged creature who leans against lamp-posts and fights flies in August. He has no pride that is worthy and no delicacy that anybody could hurt. During his boyhood he kills cats and robs hens' nests. During middle life he begs all the tobacco he uses, and drinks all the cheap whisky he can at somebody else's expense, and does die at last." The loafer in America would seem to be more pronounced than his British brother, if we take Henry W. Shaw—Josh Billings—as authority.—London Chronicle.

New Universal Speech.

"Have you noticed," asked the observant citizen, "that people nowadays don't pronounce numbers as they did when you and I went to school, or even a few years ago? We used to say 'one hundred,' for instance, but we don't any more. We say 'one-o-0.' If we want to tell somebody we live at 1030 'Blank' street, we tell him our number is 'one-o-3-o-0.' If the number is 123, we tell him it is '1-2-3,' and so on."

The reason for the change is plain enough—it's the telephone. One needs to speak plainly in telephoning, and as figures in any communication are usually important we have learned to pronounce each one separately, so as to avoid any mistake. Everybody uses telephones now and so everybody has caught the habit of pronouncing each figure of a number. Even the children talk that way.—New York Herald.

Queer Names For Girls.

It is not uncommon for a Japanese girl to bear the name of a flower. On the other hand, however, many girls in Japan bear the names of some domestic utensil, as frying pan or dust brush. Doubtless this results from the custom common among some people of naming a child from the first object that strikes the eye after the little one has come into the world.

HOW A BLIND MAN TELLS TIME.

Curious Way in Which a Sightless Organ Grinder Uses His Watch.

There is a blind organ grinder with a station on one of the down town streets. The other day a passerby dropped a nickel in his cup, and, noticing that he carried a watch, asked him for the time. It was a queer question to ask, but he wanted to know whether the blind man was simply pretending to be sightless.

"I think I can tell you," said the organ grinder. He held the watch close to his ear and slowly turned the stem winder. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight," he counted, and then said: "That means eighty minutes. I wound up the watch rightly just as the church clock on the corner struck three, and so the time ought to be about twenty minutes past four. Here, look and see how near I came to it."

His questioner looked and the time was 4:26; he was only six minutes off. "Do you mean to say you can tell the time of day by winding up your watch?" he asked.

"Not exactly; but I can come mighty near it, usually within ten minutes. It's an easy trick, and all you have to know is how long one click in winding up will run a watch. I'll explain. Suppose that at 3 o'clock I wound my watch until it was tight; that is, until another turn of the stem would apparently break the spring. At 5 o'clock I wind the watch again and find that the winder clicks twelve times before the watch is tight. Then I know that twelve clicks will run the watch 120 minutes, and that one click represents about ten minutes of time."—New York Mail and Express.

WISE WORDS.

To a depraved taste sweet is bitter.—Spanish proverb.

It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world.—Dr. Johnson.

Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not upon your past misfortunes—of which all men have some.—Dickens.

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies.—James Martineau.

For every suffering heart there is at hand or can be found some noble task into the energy necessary for the doing of which it can transmute the energy of its grief and pain.—John White Chadwick.

He who is faithful over a few things is lord over cities. It does not matter whether you preach in Westminster Abbey or teach a ragged class, so you be faithful—the faithfulness is all.—George MacDonald.

One great object of an education is to develop practical power, to add to one's ability to cope with men and things, to become more efficient, and to be better fitted to grapple with the practical problems of life.—Success.

You picture to yourself the beauty of bravery and steadfastness. And then some little wretched, disagreeable duty comes which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil, and if you do not do it your oil is spilled.—Phillips Brooks.

We see always what we are looking for, and if our mind has become trained to look for trouble and difficulty and all dark and dreary things, we find just what we seek. On the other hand, it is quite as easy to form the habit of looking always for beauty, for good, for happiness, for gladness, and here, too, we shall find precisely what we seek.—J. R. Miller.

The Butler Learned the Secret.

A well-known London newspaper offered a neat sum for an important political secret in 1893, and the man who secured the sum was a butler. He happened to be standing behind Mr. Gladstone's chair at dinner and overheard the great statesman whisper to his host that he intended to retire from public life—a thing the nation never dreamed of at that moment. The butler knew the secret was worth money, and the next day the journal brought out one of its greatest scoops by the exclusive publication of this statement.

The Gila Monster's Bite.

The bite of the Gila monster, as recently demonstrated by Dr. Weir Mitchell, is poisonous, but by no means deadly, except in rare instances. Among the Mexicans, however, the belief is general that once bitten by the "monster" your passport to a better world is secured. Gila monsters are numerous along the banks of the Gila River, feeding on insects and birds' eggs. They are most repulsive looking reptiles, with dark brown scales, mottled with green, white and red, suggesting in their coloring a half ripe blackberry.

Crime Is Not Profitable.

A man who served a long term in the Iowa penitentiary writes to his home paper that he is convinced crime does not pay, since he has lost \$16,800 he might have made by working at his trade, while the property he stole brought him only \$67.



Smart Neck Chains.

Smart neck chains are of rather large ebony beads strung close together.

The Favorite Model.

The shapely seven-gored skirt remains the favored model for women of generous proportions.

Tribute to Palma's Mother.

One of the first duties of President Palma when he landed in Cuba was to find the body of his mother, who died during the war of 1868 when their home was broken up and the family separated. The burial place on the Guacmayo farm at Cauto was located with the assistance of Angela Santana, who was with the mother of Senor Palma during her last hours and marked the grave with stakes.

The body was exhumed and taken to the cemetery at Bayamo. On the marble shaft erected over the new grave was this inscription:

"Candelaria Palma, you fell here tired and sick while following your son who was fighting for the liberty of his country. Thirty years you have slept under the solid layer of earth which covered you.

"The people of Cauto come to awake you and to say your son has come with his head bound with laurels as a reward of his virtues to take away your precious remains.

"Arise, your country is free, and is in the hands of your son!"

If You Own a Shawl.

The big lace shawls of Limerick or Honiton which many have stowed away as cherished possessions will be able to see the light again this summer, and shine forth in much of their original glory. Those who have the knack, which is a precious gift, of being able to wear such things with telling effect propose using them as they were originally meant to be worn, as shoulder scarfs, pure and simple. Others are employing them folded into pelerine shape, edged with fluffy frills of chiffon or flower petals, while the present shape of theatre cloaks allows of them being used that way, one corner turned over to make a shoulder cape or collar, the lace itself being mounted on a foundation of chiffon or mousseline. In spite of the beauty to which machine-made laces have now attained, real lace is being mostly employed on the best evening and fete gowns. Irish guipure, Venetian guipure, Honiton and Bruges laces are being greatly used, while the effective tinted Paris lace plays an important part on dresses, blouses and millinery alike.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Destroy Your Bric-a-Brac.

The first impulse of those who would become civilized is to rid themselves of things, and they hasten the hour of freedom by presenting their unholy possessions to less enlightened households—a cheap vase to a sewing woman; a gilded broiler, tied with blue ribbons and used as paper rack, to some innocent dependent. But this is profoundly selfish and irresponsible. It purges the original owner of the horror, but it only passes it along to afflict humanity. There is but one road to freedom—destruction of things.

A fire in the back yard, fed with wooden shoes, can be relied upon. Purple jars, not being combustible, might be drowned in the depths of the sea; brass dragons with curly tails, called candlesticks, awkward to hold, with no human touch of imagination or handicraft about them, therefore neither useful nor beautiful, might be disposed of to the junk man; plush things without a name seem to demand the ash-barrel, for the vital purity of fire repudiates them, and they do not burn well; tidies are prehistoric, but if any have survived, the ash-barrel is also their true home.—Margaret Deland, in Harper's Bazar.

Summer Sunshades.

The popularity of green almost amounts to a fad. These parasols are most favored in plain green taffeta or a grass linen crash or similar fabric lined with green.

In past seasons lined sunshades were the exception rather than the rule; this year this has been just reversed.

For every-day use nothing is more serviceable, as well as stylish, than a plain one-tone taffeta parasol, with a narrow contrasting hemstitched edge and two-inch wide border of heavy silk French knots. A green sunshade and black border and edge is a very pretty, yet durable, combination.

A novelty after the Parisian style is a hand-painted parasol. The vogue is confined to the woman who can afford several sunshades, and can get another as soon as one becomes in the least passe. Elaborate floral designs on a black background are oftenest seen.

Very tiny buttons, used in most original fashions, are very smart adjuncts to the more elaborate sunshades, and are oftenest used in applying lace medallions.

A strikingly new effect is produced by an unusually long bamboo handle, attractively bronzed, that is a novel feature of some of the latest parasols.

White moire antique parasols for midsummer use are much favored because of the wide vogue of moire this season.

As opposed to the extremely long handled sunshade for dress occasions the plain coaching parasol, with very short handle and small frame, especially designed for packing in a trunk or grip, is in high favor for morning use.

Cultivate Time For Leisure.

There is one rule that should be impressed upon every young wife at the very beginning of her married life—that is, to cultivate time for leisure. Housewives are frequently heard to complain that they have no time to do this or that needful work, and that they will breathe more freely when the children have grown out of the way, when the winter's or the summer's work is done, and so on. With such it would seem that time is always borrowed, with a view of paying it back in the future.

It would be idle to lay down a certain set of rules by which wives and mothers may rid themselves of this evil genius of haste and unrest, yet we would earnestly endeavor to persuade the unhappy victims that the fault is most always their own, and springs from the very spirit in which they go about their work; that, in truth, hurry is an evil spirit much to be dreaded.

Especially among women of moderate means, the wives of struggling men, is the habit of always being in a hurry observable. Good housekeeping and hurry should be utterly divorced one from the other. It is a fact of common experience that the most successful housewives are the least hurried, for haste is an open transgressor of the law of order, and order is certainly the foundation of good housekeeping. And here we find the secret of a restful life, one which has freedom without the never-ending push from behind.

Besides the spirit of order, which should lead every housekeeper to arrange her work so it will not always be behind her, and the courage which enables her to refuse to do what she cannot do satisfactorily, there is another element of good housekeeping, which, indeed, is but the true spirit of order and of courage combined—the resolute reserve of leisure.

It is absolutely necessary for every mistress of a home and family to have and jealously guard some period of time each day which shall be given to leisure—the leisure of perfect rest—for she will find that in this age of hurry the woman of moderate leisure is the woman who will best discharge her duty to herself, her family and society.—Philadelphia Record.



Oar-shaped ends distinguish many sashes of silk.

Crepe lisse is to supersede crepe de chine in fashion's favor.

Waists with transparent yokes are becoming effective and fashionable.

Guipure lace in black is much favored for trimming filmy black gowns.

Braided and knotted effects are the latest in ornamental corsage or millinery bows.

Moire and moire velour will hold the prominent position in the silk world throughout the season.

Fichus are most effective for the waists of bridesmaids' gowns to be worn with picture hats.

White cloth elaborately trimmed with Irish crochet lace is used in the creation of extremely swagger seashore coats.

The newest guimpes are arranged to put over the waist, producing a much more becoming effect than those going inside.

Materials with a white ground and black figure, in any weave from silk to cotton, are used for ninety per cent. of the summer costumes.

Heavy linen basket weave cottons and piques in white, blue, pink, tan and red are the fashionable midsummer coats for little girls.

Silk and linen grass cloths, made up over a green taffeta slip, with green to match trimming the hat, is the smart Parisian costume of the hour.

Black muslin gowns, sprigged in self color and trimmed with black Valenciennes lace and velvet ribbon, form a black toilet much in favor this summer.

Ruches of very heavy Brussels net, usually box-pleated and adorned with a row of moire ribbon, with moire sash width ribbon for ends, are very fashionable.

It is confidently predicted that by fall the Colonial footwear will be no more. Extension edges, rope stitches, double deckers, Klondike eyelets and perforations are also entirely passe, according to one authoritative fashion arbiter in shoes.

A watch is worth more than its face value.



Tiesserene de Bort, the French aeronaut, has secured the lowest temperature mark on record—seventy-two degrees centigrade, or 97.6 degrees Fahrenheit. The reading was registered on a thermometer in a trial balloon sent up recently, which rose to a height of 28,000 feet.

An Austrian material for preventing the rising of dust on sweeping proves to be cottonseed oil. In a test at Vienna it was found that floors oiled twice a year could be swept weekly without any whirling of the dust, and the material was recommended for all rooms receiving many persons, as well as for laboratories, libraries and other places to be kept scrupulously dust free.

By regulating the food of a milk cow M. Spolverini claims to have made its milk a satisfactory substitute for human milk. The first experiments were made on a goat by feeding it with egg or a little meat in addition to the regular food, and later on another goat was fed with sprouting grains of barley. In each case the goat's milk was changed to the chemical composition of human milk.

A unique protective coating for iron exposed to particularly destructive influences has been devised, consisting of Portland cement, red lead and linseed oil. The Portland cement used is too inelastic and therefore liable to crack when applied to expansive structures, such as iron bridges, but when combined with some red lead and linseed oil it makes an elastic coating. Such a coating applied by trowels one-quarter-inch thick, has been in use on a railroad viaduct for about two years, and has been found effective under conditions where the best paints obtainable soon peeled off.

There are some Indians in Mendocino County, California, that may not live "in clover," as we understand the phrase, but it is certain that they live on it. Strange to say, they make it a regular article of food, going out into the fields and pulling up the plant and eating it by handfuls, leaves, stems, flower-heads and all. These same Indians use many plants that white men find no value in, among them seaweeds, fungi, lichens, ferns and conifers. Some of these they use for their medicinal properties, others for the nutritious qualities of their seeds, and still others for their fibres.

An interesting central station heating plant has recently been completed at Dresden, which is interesting chiefly on account of the size of the plant, the system extending three-quarters of a mile. The steam, at a pressure of about thirty pounds, is distributed through two pipes about eight inches in diameter. The heat insulation of the pipes is accomplished by two protective layers of tin, the inner being perforated and the outer one covered with silk. A number of important public buildings are heated from the system, including the theatre, the museum, the castle, royal kitchen, custom house, etc.

A Russian admiral made the suggestion a few years ago that a powerfully built ice-breaking boat might force its way to the Pole, but last winter's experience on Lake Baikal seems to show that the suggestion is not practical. Trans-Siberian Railway passengers are carried across the lake by great boats conveying the trains and powerful ice-breakers were built to keep the passage clear in winter. Last January, however, the ice-breakers were wholly ineffectual, and on one occasion a train load of passengers were detained six days on the lake shore, and then had to cross, a distance of thirty miles, in open sleighs and on horseback, while the thermometer marked twenty-seven degrees below zero.

Honored by Lamp-Posts.

There are several curious features in the local government of Edinburgh, not the least strange being the lamp-post dignity conferred on the leading civic officials. In order to impress upon the public the importance of the lord provost two lamp-posts, each with the city arms, are erected outside his residence. The bailies, the dean of guild, the convener and the treasurer are only "a little lower" than the provost, for they each have one special lamp-post to lighten up the precincts of their residence.

An Expensive Drug.

One of the newest, most important and most expensive drugs on earth is adrenalin. Those who are not physicians will be first interested in learning that adrenalin costs \$1 a grain—that is, \$7000 a pound. The discoverer of adrenalin declares that by its use minor surgical operations can be performed without the loss by the patient of a drop of blood.

The automobile crank can't be expected to have horse sense.

EMBARRASSED THE CLERGYMAN

Minister's Makeshift All Night Until the Maid Appeared.

A distinguished Episcopal clergyman was once called on to officiate at a fashionable summer resort church, and, finding only a short surplice and no cassock in the vestry, was very much disturbed at the thought of having to appear in a vesture that to the frivolous would look like a white shirt and trousers. But a happy inspiration came to him. Why not wear one of his wife's black petticoats? The portion that would show below the surplice would look exactly like the regulation cassock, and no one would ever be the wiser. So he hurriedly sent one of the ushers with an explanatory note to his wife in the hotel, and in the nick of time the petticoat arrived. The makeshift turned out to be a perfect success, and no one at a distance could tell that he was not wearing a cassock. After the close of the service he decided to go out to the body of the church without taking off his robes, in order to greet some friends. And he was soon the center of a group of fashionable women, when a green Irish maid from the hotel came up, and in a loud voice said to him: "Yer Riverence, the missus sint me afther her petticoat that ye do be wearin', an' I wuz to wait till ye take it off."—New York Tribune.

MADE LIVING BY CRACKING WHIPS

Curious Trade Discovered by the Police of France.

The Paris police have recently been informed by one of the fraternity of whip-crackers that such a calling exists and claims recognition as one of the "professions" by the exercise of which men earn their livelihood in France.

Whip-crackers, it appears, are men who possess strong wrists and are willing to crack whips all day long, if required, on receipt of a suitable fee. At the commencement of the shooting season, when the proprietors of neighboring demesnes are not good friends, the one who bears ill-will to the other engages a whip cracker, whose duty it is to crack a whip so as to frighten away all the birds at the approach of the disliked sportsman and his friends.

The whipcrackers are also found useful by farmers afflicted with diseased cattle which they cannot sell. Having engaged a whipcracker, they turn out the sick beasts on the most frequented highway they can find. The cracker follows with his whip, ostensibly to guide the cattle, really to drive them under the wheels of a carriage, a motor car or a tram. This he does by cracking his whip at the critical moment so as to frighten the beasts and drive them to destruction.

Napoleon Bonaparte's Wealth.

Napoleon Bonaparte's will, among those of great men, affords the nearest parallel to that of Cecil Rhodes in the fortune it bequeathed. He was surely the richest exile since the world began. From his lonely home at St. Helena he bequeathed to his relatives and friends \$40,000,000. He had been rich, in gold as in power, beyond the dreams of avarice, and there must have passed through his hands a private fortune such as mortal man has rarely dreamed of. His exactions set down at nearly \$375,000,000, which is, after all, but six times multiplying the gift he secured for himself from the Austrian treasury after Austerlitz. He died forty times a millionaire.

English is studied by 95 per cent. of the students attending the higher schools in Egypt.

AUCTIONEERING.

GEO. L. COLESTOCK
Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, New Chesters, Adams county, Pa.

GRAIN and PRODUCE.

Z. H. CASHMAN.

At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all kinds of Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, etc., Also

The Best Brands of Flour.

Coarse and Fine Salt, etc., Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday Afternoon for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hiltien Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

FINE HORSES

on hand at all times For Sale or Exchange
—AT—
C. J. SMITH'S
Sale and Exchange Stables,
HANOVER.

I would respectfully call the attention of the general public to the fact that I have just received a nice lot of

DRIVING and WORK HORSES.
some of them good leaders.

C. J. SMITH,
Chestnut St., opp. Brodbeck's Warehouse
HANOVER, PA.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Chas. K. Yeager,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

NEW OXFORD, PA.
Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, Wills and all kinds of legal papers promptly and correctly written

J. L. Williams,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

GETTYSBURG, PA.
Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office in Spangler Building, First square Baltimore street.

Wm. Hersh,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

GETTYSBURG, PA.
All legal business will receive prompt attention. Settlement of estates a specialty. Office on Baltimore street opposite Court House.

Dr. H. Ross Black,
DENTIST.

Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Bange, No. 3 Carlisle Street, HANOVER, PA.

Dr. Wm. Hollinger,
DENTIST.

Will be at SUNDAY'S HOTEL, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances. Office and Residence, Abbotstown, PA.

S. S. Neely,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank.

Wm. McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.
Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite Court House.

McPHERSON & MCPHERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office on second floor of "Star and Sentinel" building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

G. J. Benner,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

GETTYSBURG, PA.
Offices on Baltimore Street, in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Breuneman's Drug Store.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford.
Frank Fleishman, Proprietor.

House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling.

Marshall House,
ADJOINING COURT HOUSE, YORK, PA.

B. S. HEINDEL, Proprietor.

The Bar is stocked with Choice Wines, Liquors, Beer and Fine Brands of Cigars. The Table is supplied with the best the markets afford. Free Bus to and from trains. Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

HOTEL

Gettysburg,

MERVILLE E. ZINN, Prop.

CENTER SUARE, GETTYSBURG.

Having leased the above Hotel I would be pleased to have my friends call to see me when in Gettysburg.

TO BUILDERS!

CLOSING OUT SALE OF LUMBER!

Having disposed of my warehouse bay shed, I will continue the

Lumber and Coal

Business at the old stand, and desiring to CLOSE OUT this business I wish to inform the public that my stock of LUMBER is COMPLETE, consisting of White and Yellow Pine of all kinds, Cypress, Poplar and Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling of all kinds, White Pine, Hemlock and Cypress Shingles, Roofing Slate, Sash, Doors and Blinds, which I will sell at bottom prices, and as lumber has advanced, it will be to your interest to call and get prices before buying elsewhere. Also a big lot of locust posts, hewed and in the rough.

A. SHEELY,
Pitt St., New Oxford, Pa.

GEO. F. RABINE,
Practical Barber and Hairdressor,

Eagle Hotel Building, Centre Square, New Oxford, Pa.

Having opened a first-class Barber Shop in the above named place, I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

GIVE ME A CALL.

Hot Weather For August.

If Rev. Irl R. Hicks is correct in his prognostications there will be warm weather throughout August.

His prediction is, in brief, as follows:—August 3 and 4 will be central days of reactionary storm disturbances. On and touching these days the temperature will rise to a climax of warmth, and barometric readings will fall, progressively from west to east, ending in threatening clouds, with thunder, light rains and heavy bluster in many sections. On the 5th earth passes between the sun and the great world Jupiter, near new moon on the third and the moon's passage over the celestial equator on the 6th. These facts necessitate excessively warm weather, and if violent electrical storms do not result seismic perturbations will be most natural. It is questionable whether normal reactions to cooler weather will follow the storm period, or whether general and heavy rains will attend these storms, during much of August. We believe that very warm weather, with light precipitation—even harmful droughts are in store for most parts of the country, until the latter part of month, especially.

It is reasonably safe to say that the key to the character of weather to be expected in August and much of September, will be found in the kind of weather we have from the 1st to the 15th of August.

The Vulcan storm period central on the 9th, covering the 7th to 12th, will be marked by changes in the thermometer, and barometer, common to the storm periods with more or less precipitation, and may be expected on and touching the 9th, 10th and 11th.

On the 14th, 15th and 16th a reaction to storm conditions will be noticeable. The temperature will be lower.

If the present Mars period should take the stormy side of the dilemma, all the periods in the last half of August will bring general storm, some of them furious and fatal. The reactionary storms on and about the 26th to 28th, at the center of the Mercury period, and near the moon's last quarter, north declination and perigee, will possibly be fraught with violence and danger, especially along the south coasts. We enter a regular storm period as we pass out of August, the crisis of which will fall in the first three days of September.

Hampton Items.

Miss Clara Myers, of Chicago, is home visiting her parents, Mr. Harry Myers and family, of this place.

Miss Mary Cashman, of Chambersburg, is visiting Miss Electa Pickes, of this place.

Mrs. Henry Yohe and two sons, Emory and Lawrence, of Glen Rock, who had been visiting friends here for a few weeks, returned to their home on Saturday.

Miss Deborah Tutor, of York Springs, was the guest of Miss Maggie Smith, of this place, a few days this week.

Communion services will be held in the Lutheran church this place, this Sunday morning. Preparatory services on Saturday preceding, in the afternoon.

Services in the United Brethren church on this Sunday evening.

Mrs. Jennie Chronister, who had been visiting her daughter at York for some time, returned to her home at this place last week.

Mrs. Luther Diller, of Churchtown, visited her mother, Mrs. Chronister, of this place, recently.

Miss Mary Myers, of this place, is visiting friends at York.

Mr. Ralph Chronister, a member of the National Guards of Pittsburgh, while encamping at Gettysburg, visited his grandmother and friends in this place a short while.

Miss Maggie Chronister, of this place, visited her sister, Mrs. Diller, at Churchtown, recently.

ALL WERE SAVED.—“For years I suffered such untold misery from Bronchitis,” writes J. H. Johnston, of Broughton, Ga., “that often I was unable to work. Then, when everything else failed, I was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. My wife suffered intensely from Asthma, till it cured her, and all our experience goes to show it is the best Croup medicine in the world. A trial will convince you it's unrivaled for Throat and Lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Randolph Wehler's.

Manchester, a borough 8 miles from York, was threatened with destruction by fire Wednesday afternoon. Children started a bon-fire near the barn of Harvey Gladfelter, and sparks carried into the stable ignited the straw. Gladfelter's barn was enveloped in flames, which passed to the barns of H. E. Zerby, F. L. Jacobs, Samuel Doll and John Porcht, all of which were destroyed. With hand engine and fire buckets the residents of Manchester and Mount Wolf, an adjoining town, saved the borough from destruction. The loss is estimated at over \$4,000.

Within a radius of twenty-five miles of Hamburg, Berks County, especially on the northern side of the Blue Mountains, at least twenty horses have been stolen during the past three months. It is believed that the animals are driven for a few nights and then shipped to some horse market where they are sold.

WENTZ & BRO.
33 Baltimore Street,
HANOVER, Penn'a.

Active measures are about to be taken by the Daughters of America, which is the woman's organization associated with the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, as to where they stand in the contest now going on between the insurgent and loyalist Mechanics. The question has been before the State and National bodies at their last sessions, and will be determined this fall at Gettysburg. In the State body there are fifty-three councils, and the annual session is scheduled for September.



The diver dies without air to breathe. The consumptive dies without lungs to breathe the air, or of lungs rendered incapable of breathing by disease. The blood as it flows in and out of the lungs indicates the consumptive's progress. As the lungs grow weaker less oxygen is inhaled and the blood changes from scarlet to purple. Oxygen is the life of the blood as the blood is the life of the body.

The effect of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery upon weak lungs is to strengthen them, to enable the full oxygenation of the blood, arrest the progress of disease, and heal the inflamed tissues. Lung diseases have been and are being cured by “Golden Medical Discovery,” in cases where deep-seated cough, frequent hemorrhage, emaciation, weakness, and night-sweats have all pointed to a fatal termination by consumption.

“Some years ago I was almost a helpless victim of that dread disease—consumption,” writes Mr. Chas. Pross, P. M., of Sika, White Co. Ind. “I was confined to my room for several months; my friends and neighbors had given up all hope of my recovery, until one day a friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and after I had taken the contents of the second bottle I began to improve. After taking six bottles I was, I honestly believe, delivered from the grave and entirely cured. I am now a strong and hearty man.”

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged system from accumulated impurities.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR STATE SENATOR.
DONALD P. McPHERSON,
2ND WARD, GETTYSBURG
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR LEGISLATURE.
C. H. BEAMER,
OF MENALLEN TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR LEGISLATURE.
J. R. BITTINGER.
BERWICH TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR SHERIFF.
J. C. D. LOWER,
ARENDSVILLE BOROUGH.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR SHERIFF.
A. CALVIN BASEHOAR,
CUMBERLAND TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS.
C. E. Deatrich,
STRABAN TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS.
WM. P. BAKER.
HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR REGISTER & RECORDER.
JOHN L. STAUB,
HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR REGISTER & RECORDER.
B. F. GISE,
TYRONE TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.
WILLIAM HUMMER,
OF GETTYSBURG BOROUGH.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.
JOHN M. MINNIGH,
GETTYSBURG BOROUGH.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.
J. HARRY STINE,
GETTYSBURG BOROUGH.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
A. M. Waybright,
FREEDOM TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
HENRY M. STRINE,
MOUNTPLEASANT TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
JOHN F. BUSHEY,
FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
JAMES F. BELL,
STRABAN TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

★\$55,000★
STOCK OF DRY GOODS
At and Below Cost!

Commencing July 29th, we will begin to sell at and below cost our entire stock of

Dress Goods, Notions, Carpets,
Oil Cloth, Mattings, Window
Shades, Blankets and Comforts.

Largest Stock of Dress Goods
and Silks in Town.

Dress Trimmings, Laces, Summer and
Winter Underwear, Umbrellas,
Table Linens, Napkins,
Towels, Gents' Furnishings, Casimeres, Men's Shirts,
Collars and Neckwear, Ladies' Muslin Underwear
all shades; Ladies' Silk Waists, &c.

As this is a Positive Closing Out to retire from the Dry Goods business, you can rest assured that this is money in your pocket at the prices we will sell. So come at once, whether you need the goods to-day or later, for it will pay. Our stock is too large to enumerate.

WENTZ & BRO.,
33 Baltimore Street,
HANOVER, Penn'a.

G. W. WEAVER & SON. G. W. WEAVER & SON.

The Leaders, GETTYSBURG, PA.

THE WIDE AWAKE DRY GOODS STORE—if of any size at all—has long ago made plans for the next Fall season. This planning ahead—this ceaseless vigilance, to be at all times up to the times in all lines—is just what has ever given us a constantly increased business each season. It is now the **Cleaning up, or Rummage Sale Period** for us—and in consequence of a larger stock than usual, all Spring and Summer, there are many more **Sacrifice Bargains** than ever before. Goods that must be sold, as it doesn't pay to carry goods over from season to season—no matter how good the value—better a loss now than a possible profit next year. So that it is a great money-saving time to many who can use the goods, either now or future, to look over our many bargains.

Every Day Brings a Mark Down on Some Lines.

We are offering at this time Special Values in Silks and Dress Goods, with an unusual good line and assortment to select from—the saving is from 25 to 40 per cent.

Special Closing Price on Walking Skirts, Tailor-made Suits and Shirt Waists.

Dry Goods, Notions, Carpets.

NEW OXFORD Bargain Grocery Store.

Melons! Cantalopes! Bananas!
Always on hand at Lowest Wholesale Prices.

Sugar! We still have some of that 4c Brown Sugar and 5c White Sugar.

Mackerel! Just opened a bl. of large New Mackerel to sell at 10 cents per pound.

Lion and Arbuckle Coffee still the old price, ... **11c the lb.**

GOODS DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR.
Bring along your Eggs, Lard, Cured Meats, Chickens, Calves, &c. I have a retail route in the city for ALL COUNTRY PRODUCE and therefore can pay the HIGHEST CASH PRICE in trade. If you can't take all in trade I will pay the difference in cash at highest cash price.

E. E. FREED,
CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

FREE! FREE!

We are this week giving FREE to every one of our customers a PREMIUM that purchase one pound of Coffee.

Another lot of Pictures received this week. We enlarge them FREE. Call and see them.

M. S. Hiteshow, ON THE SQUARE

WM. McCLEAN, Late Pres. Judge. WM. ARCH McCLEAN, The best physic—Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Easy to take. Pleasant in effect. For sale by Randolph Wehler.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Penna. Office west side of Baltimore Street, 2nd door from Centre Square

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

TERMS—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year. **JOB PRINTING** of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 1, 1902.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The receipts of the Conewago picnic were over \$660.

The bald headed old maid says that a switch in time saves nine.

The late potato crop promises excellent results in this section.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sheely, West High street, a son.

Born, Saturday, July 26, to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Diehl, Pitt street, a daughter.

The soldiers who were at Camp Meade have been paid and received over \$141,600 for their week's camping tour of duty.

More than a score of the leading city and county superintendents of schools are graduate of the First Pennsylvania State Normal School at Millersville.

A tiny baby was born in McSherrystown the other day, weighing at birth only 11 ounces. The mite died a few hours after birth.

The knife used for peeling a pine-apple should not be used for slicing it, as the rind contains an acid that is apt to cause a swollen mouth and sore lips.

In some parts of this town the odor of hog pen is a little too pronounced to be pleasant. Great care should be exercised in keeping these places clean in hot weather.

Wednesday, July 23, Curvin Beck, son of Isaac Beck, of near Shilt's school house, Union township, had his left foot crushed in the runaway of a four-horse team, while hauling manure.

5c for No. 1 Carpet Bags.

We pay 5c for No. 1 Carpet Bags during our Reduction Sale, July 15th to September 1st.

G. B. NACE, SON & CO., Hanover.

Gerald, a seven-year-old son of Dominick Smith and wife, of McSherrystown, fell from a tree on the premises of his parents Wednesday afternoon and dislocated his right collar bone.

The W. M. Railroad Company hauled 2917 passengers to Penn Grove Sunday, which is an increase of 300 over that of the first Sunday during last year, when the number of passengers amounted to 2717.

Hog cholera has broken out in Huntington township. Quite a number of hogs are afflicted with the disease. Jos. Simpson has lost one, Geo. Smyser four, John Smith five, Thomas Myers one and Andrew Orner one.

Great Reduction Sale.

To reduce our stock and make room for our large stock of Fall and Winter goods, we will take 10 cents off each bill of \$1, or more.

G. B. NACE, SON & CO., Hanover

Hanover Herald says a stately pin-oak standing in the upper Chapel bottom measures 15 ft. around, three ft. from the ground—the last of the old residents that once lined the banks of Plum Creek, the Little Conewago and Sagle's Run.

Early to bed and early to rise does very well for sick folks and guys, but it makes a man miss all the fun till he dies and join the stiff that are gone to the skies. Go to bed when you please and lie at your ease, you'll die just the same of some Latin disease.

Nace's Reduction Sale.

Beginning Saturday, July 19th, and continuing until September 1st, all goods sold at 10c off each \$1, or above. We give you the discount stamp on this also. G. B. NACE, SON & CO., Hanover.

York's philosopher says: It is not great crimes such as robbery and murder, which destroys the peace of society. The gossip, jealousies and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness, and tattling are the worms which eat into all social happiness.

Two young men from Fairfield were arrested at Pen-Mar on the charge of carrying concealed weapons. Both had revolvers. It is alleged one of the men pointed his revolver at a boy. They were taken to Hagerstown and committed to jail for a hearing.

Henry L. Shattuck of Shellsburg, Ia., was cured of stomach trouble with which he had been afflicted for years, by four boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He had previously tried many other remedies and a number of physicians without relief. For sale by Randolph Wehler.

Mr. J. R. Hartman will have his cider press running at Eichelberger's mill, on Wednesday of each week during the apple season. As the apple crop will not be large he has decided that it would not justify him to have his press running every day.

The report that a new pension bill had been passed by the late Congress, entitling all pensioners to an increase of \$10 a month and that all pensioners under the act of June 27, 1890, who are blind entitled to \$30 per month, is not correct. No such law was passed.

It is rumored that the Pennsylvania R. R. people are contemplating double tracking their road from York, Pa., to Frederick, for the purpose of diverting Southern Pennsylvania traffic to Washington via Frederick on the Baltimore and Ohio tracks.

Great Clearance Sale.

Everything in our store reduced 10 per cent. Dry Goods, Notions, Carpets, Ladies' and Men's Furnishings, also infants' wear. 10c off each \$1.

G. B. NACE, SON & CO. Hanover.

The cattle thieves of Pine Grove still continue to buy their meat from this and other counties, for we have learned that they actually killed five cattle during the past month, using the hind quarters and leaving the rest for the buzzards and dogs. It is said that all the cattle were found within one-half of a mile from Pine Grove furnace.

Geo. W. Witter, son of Mr. Geo. F. Witter, of New Chester, and Miss Jennie May Morrison, daughter of Sheriff Morrison and wife, of Gettysburg, were united in the bonds of matrimony at the Reformed parsonage, this place, by Rev. P. E. Heimer, on Sunday evening. The young couple have the best wishes of a host of friends.

SHATTERS ALL RECORDS.—Twice in hospital, F. A. Gullede, Nerbera, Ala., paid a vast sum to doctors to cure a severe case of piles, causing 24 tumors. When all failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve soon cured him. Subdues Inflammation, conquers Aches, kills Pains. Best salve in the world. 25c at Wehler's drug store.

Harry Reynolds, of Dauphin, charged with using the United States mails for the purpose of conducting a "green goods" game and for conspiracy with Richard M. Steckley, of Dauphin, to fleece C. H. Beamer, of Ardentville, Adams county, was held for trial by United States Commissioner Wolfe in Harrisburg on Saturday.

Edward Bixler, of McSherrystown, was arrested Wednesday by officer Dougherty for disorderly conduct, and threatening to do injury to his wife and children. He was confined in the lock-up over night, and Thursday morning his wife appeared before Justice Lilly and preferred a charge of surety of the peace against him. In default of bail, he was committed to jail.

Chicken Soup, Watermelons, Oysters, Beef Tongue, Clam Soup, Ham, Tongue and Cheese Sandwiches, Deviled Crabs, Soda Water, Ice Cream, Etc.

At CURTIS E. DIEHL'S, Center Square Cafe.

During the storm of Thursday last, the tenant house on the farm of Mr. C. A. Diehl, at Diehl's mill, occupied by Mr. Jacob Hoover and family, was struck by lightning. The bolt struck the corner of the building about 4 feet from the ground tearing off and splintering some of the weatherboarding, slightly shattering the corner post and knocking loose a small amount of plastering on the inside. Mr. Diehl says there is no trace of the lightning only as above stated.

Rev. P. E. Heimer, for the past nine years pastor of St. Paul's Reformed church, this place, preached his farewell sermon Sunday morning, and left for his new field of labor, at Detroit, Michigan, Wednesday morning, going by rail to Buffalo, N. Y., and thence by boat. Rev. Heimer was ever alert to the best interests of his people and as a neighbor and citizen was held in the highest esteem by all classes. His family will remain here for a month or six weeks.

The Star and Sentinel says: Dr. J. W. Colgrove arrived in town Friday evening and will remain here for some time. The doctor is busy completing the right-of-way business for the Washington, Westminster and Gettysburg Steam Railway. Dr. Colgrove started out on Saturday to pay the cash for the rights-of-way and obtain title for the same. More than \$2,000,000 worth of bonds have already been floated. The prospects certainly look bright for the road and we have the assurance from those who are in a position to know, that the road will be constructed in the near future.

The classes graduating at the First Pennsylvania State Normal School at Millersville this year include two in the Scientific course, five in the Regular Normal course, thirteen in the Regular course, 148 in the Elementary course, one who received a State Certificate in the Scientific course and three who received a State Certificate in the Elementary course. The catalogue of this famous institution is well worth examining. It is sent free to any one who asks for a copy.

Dr. Wm. R. Snyder, of Carlisle street, had the middle finger of his right hand split a few days ago, by a balky horse drawing a hitching strap through his hand on the end of which was a buckle.

Last week Mrs. William Wilkison, of Buchanan Valley, upon going to take up her babe in the morning found it dead. When she had left it upon arising she found it in usual health.

A. J. Brady has been appointed trustee in the case of C. H. Busbey, a voluntary bankrupt, which was heard before referee Donald McPherson at Gettysburg on Friday.

During the thunder storm of Sunday evening the house of Henry W. Kalbfleish, Gettysburg, was struck by lightning, but no serious damage resulted. The chimney was knocked down and some plaster torn loose.

On Saturday, August 23, Sheriff Morrison will sell at the court house in Gettysburg, the following properties:

Lot of ground with brick warehouse, implement house, &c., in Gettysburg, property of Kate E. Livers.

Tract of land in Latimore township, 87 acres with improvements,—property of W. A. Bream.

Two tracts of land in Huntington township, with improvements,—property of Amos Miller.

A special meeting of Gettysburg Classis of the Potomac Synod of the Reformed church was held in St. Paul's Reformed church, this place, Tuesday, to dissolve the pastoral relation of the pastor, Rev. P. E. Heimer, and the New Oxford charge, and to dismiss Rev. Mr. Heimer to St. Joseph's Classis of the Synod of Ohio.

The following teachers were recently chosen by the School Directors of Reading township: Stonifer's, J. Paul Kauffman; Hooyer's, Miss Alice Bosserman; Oakwood, Miss Maude Miller; Germany, Miss Hassler; Hollinger's, Miss Alice Bushey; Round Hill, Miss Nettie Dicks; Baker's, J. C. Myers; Hampton Ind., H. B. Chronister.

A car loaded with sheep, hogs and cows left Hagerstown over the Western Maryland, and was discovered at Quinsonia, on the Altenwold cut off, empty, with the seals of the door unknapped and no sign of the manner in which the animals got out. A sheep and a few hogs were found dead along the track.

The remains of Mr. John Heist who died at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, of which mention was made last week, were interred in the Catholic Cemetery Thursday morning after a Mass of Requiem in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Father Reudter officiating. Mr. Heist had sent for Father Reudter on Sunday before going to the hospital, and received the rights of the church.

Miss Nettie Swartz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. H. W. Swartz, of Philadelphia street, a Deaconess connected with a charitable institution at Brooklyn, N. Y., arrived here on last Thursday evening with about 30 Fresh Air children from that city. The children are distributed among different families of town and vicinity and seem to be enjoying themselves. They will remain here until Aug. 7, when another Deaconess will arrive here to take them back to the city. The transportation of the youngsters was paid by means of the New York Tribune, and were sent as far as Lancaster in a special car. Miss Swartz will remain here with her parents for several weeks before returning to the city.

One of the most hotly contested and exciting games of base ball ever witnessed in New Oxford was played Saturday between the strong Cashtown team, champions of the Buchanan Valley, and the local team. The score was a tie up to the seventh when Cashtown succeeded in getting a player over the home base, after that the New Oxford boys could not tie the score and the score stood 4 to 5 in favor of Cashtown. The features of the game was the all around playing of Lower and Diehl for the visitors, and the pitching of J. Miller for the home team. Quite a large and enthusiastic crowd witnessed the game.

On next Saturday the home team will cross bats with a team from York called the "Annie Moores." This promises to be also a good game, as York will be strengthened by two or three players off of the Y. M. C. A., of that place. Game called at 1:30 p. m. STEFFIE.

George Gill, who resides near the Harrisburg road, in Straban township, was arrested last Monday by Constable Wilson, of Gettysburg, on oath of Louis Mizell, who charges Gill with having stolen chop feed from his farm in Straban township, about one mile from Gill's home. When Gill heard of the visit Wilson was about to make him on Monday, he stabbed himself in the throat, causing a deep gash which bled profusely. He also inflicted several wounds in his breast, but not deep enough for serious harm. Wilson, with the aid of two assistants, took the man to Gettysburg. He will be held for court.

Death's Doings.

Death has removed another old resident and well-known citizen of Abbottstown, Joseph Wolf, who was summoned away at an early hour Thursday morning. He suffered from Bright's disease for nearly a year, culminating in dropsy and having a fatal termination. He was in his 72d year.

Deceased conducted an extensive tannery in Abbottstown for nearly thirty years, and had a ready sale for his output, continuing the business until his death. He was a member of the Reformed church and has held important offices in the church consistory. He was also a member of Hanover Lodge No. 327, I. O. O. F. For years he was a director of the Berlin branch Railroad, and until he was disabled through illness was Supervisor of the road. He leaves to mourn, his wife and three daughters.

Henry Rhine died at his home in Gettysburg, Monday morning at 2:45 after an illness of only four days of inflammation of the stomach at the age of 66 yrs., 8 months and 12 days. Last Wednesday his horse, which he had just taken to the pasture field, kicked him in the stomach, compelling him to take his bed and ending in his death. Mr. Rhine was married twice and is survived by his second wife and six sons, children by his first marriage.

Jacob A. Eberly, youngest son of Mrs. Belle Eberly, of Cumberland township, died suddenly at his home, last Saturday morning from heart failure, aged about 27 years.

PERSONAL.

Mr. George Clippinger, of Alleghany City, is spending a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Clippinger, Pitt street.

Mr. Martin Myers, of Williams' Mill, is spending a few days with his grandmother, Mrs. J. E. Myers, Philadelphia street.

Mr. Cletus Billman, of near town, spent a few days with his cousin, Frank Lawrence, at Mt. Rock. Mr. Lawrence returned with Mr. Billman on Saturday and visited at the Billman home over Sunday.

Mrs. Mae Bishop, who has been spending the past week with friends here returned to her home in Harrisburg, accompanied by her friend, Miss Maud Cashman, of Hanover street, who will spend a few weeks in that city.

Mr. John Conner, of Baltimore, visited at the home of C. W. Coleman, Philadelphia street, over Sunday.

Mr. Emmert Glascock and Miss Mamie Loyde, who were spending some time with the family of W. H. Emmert, have returned to their home in Baltimore.

Miss Jennie Nichols, of Landsdown, Pa., is visiting her school-mate, Miss Nita Cashman, Hanover street.

Prof. O. A. Smith, of Hanover street, representative salesman for the Moller pipe organ, is on a business trip to Philadelphia, New York and other places. He was accompanied for several days by his daughter, Miss Mary.

Sisters Sulpitia and Girardine teachers of the Parochial school, who have been on retreat at Danville, Pa., for the past two weeks, returned home on Saturday and will again have charge of the schools the coming season.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Simon, of Dallastown, spent Sunday with Rev. Father Reudter. Their son, John Simon, who had been spending the past week at the same place, returned to his home at Dallastown on Saturday.

Mr. A. S. Feiser and family, Philadelphia street, spent Sunday with friends at Spring Grove.

Miss Jennie Grove, of Baltimore, is spending some time with friends in town.

Mrs. Jacob Heltzel, of Pitt street, is spending the week at Pen-Mar.

Miss Carrie Felix, of Baltimore, is spending some time with her cousin, Miss Mary Myers, West High street.

Bishop J. W. Shanahan, Bishop of the Harrisburg Diocese of the Catholic Church, is at the Eagle Hotel, Gettysburg for several weeks.

John R. Kuhn, Esq., and Dr. Lewis DeBarth Kuhn, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are visiting their brother, Edward J. Kuhn, of Willow Dale. They spent a short time in this place Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Sallie Hays, of Chambersburg, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Eckert, Hanover street.

C. H. Robinson, bricklayer, Hanover street, is working at York.

Serious Accident.

William H. Becker, residing about one mile east of Hanover, met with a serious accident Tuesday morning while sawing shingles. Mr. Becker's hand slipped while handling a log in front of the saw which caused him to fall with his right arm against the saw, cutting all the muscles to the bone above the elbow, cutting through the elbow joint. The bone on the forearm was badly cut and all the muscles and tendons were severed, as well as part of the bone.

A. A. Leber, who gives his address as York, was committed to jail by J. L. Hill, last Thursday, bail being fixed at \$500. The charge against him is counterfeiting and attempting to sell labels of the Cigarmakers' International Union. Constable Dougherty, of McSherrystown, took the prisoner to Gettysburg. He will be held for court.

The Republicans of the several wards, boroughs and townships of Adams county will meet at their several places of holding primary elections on Saturday, the 2nd day of August, and elect delegates to represent them in a county convention to be held in the court house at Gettysburg, on Monday following, Aug. 4, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating a county ticket, and transacting such other business as may be deemed expedient.

My boy when four years old was taken with colic and cramps in his stomach. I sent for the doctor and he injected morphine, but the child kept getting worse. I then gave half a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and in half an hour he was sleeping and soon recovered.—F. L. Wilkins, Shell Lake, Wis. Mr. Wilkins is book-keeper for the Shell Lake Lumber Co. For sale by Randolph Wehler.

Farmer's Fatal Fall From Barn.

Edward L. Bushey, of East Berlin, was instantly killed Tuesday morning about 6 o'clock by falling from the over-shot of a barn. Mr. Bushey was a well known farmer, aged about 60 years. He relinquished farming last spring and moved to East Berlin. It was customary for him to visit his farm almost daily and while there Tuesday morning over-seeing some repairs to the den, or over-shot, he slipped and fell to the ground, a distance of about 12 feet, fracturing his skull and breaking his neck. He is survived by his wife, one son and three daughters.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers

The famous little pills.

CHURCH NOTICES

First Evangelical Lutheran church. Preaching services Sunday at 7 p. m. Sunday School 9 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6:00 p. m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. REV. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

St. Paul's Reformed church. Services Sunday at 7 p. m., Rev. Jacob Sechler, of Philadelphia, will speak. Sunday school 9 a. m.; C. E. Society 6 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal church. Preaching services Sunday at 10 a. m. Special vocal and instrumental music will be rendered during services. Sunday School 9 a. m.; Epworth League 6 p. m.

REV. VAUGHN T. RUE, Pastor.

Immaculate Conception Catholic Church. There will be two Masses next Sunday—High Mass at 7:30 and Low Mass at 10 o'clock. Young People's Sodality at 8 p. m.; Solemn Vespers and Benediction at 6:30 p. m.

REV. L. AUGUSTUS REUDTER, Pastor.

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE.—Photographer C. C. Harlan, of Eaton, O., can do so now, though for years he couldn't, because he suffered untold agony from the worst form of indigestion. All physicians and medicines failed to help him till he tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for him that he declares they are a godsend to sufferers from dyspepsia and stomach troubles. Unrivaled for diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, they build up and give new life to the whole system. Try them. Only 50c. Guaranteed by Randolph Wehler druggist.

Bebel Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman.
Choice Wheat.....\$ 72
No. 2 "..... 67
Raked "..... 56
Rye..... 54 @ 56
Corn..... 35 @ 60
Oats..... 35 @ 38
Clover seed, per lb..... 8 @ 10
Timothy seed..... 1 00 @ 1 33
Rye Straw..... 6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay..... 6 00 @ 9 00

MARRIED.

July 17, at Glen Rock, by Rev. I. S. Leiby, H. A. Reever, of Glen Rock, and Miss Susan Elizabeth Stevens, of East Berlin.

July 17, at Gettysburg, by Rev. V. T. Rue, John W. Delap, of Gettysburg, and Miss Emma G. Kime, of Butler twp.

Only 50 Cents

to make your baby strong and well. A fifty cent bottle of

Scott's Emulsion

will change a sickly baby to a plump, romping child.

Only one cent a day, think of it. Its as nice as cream.

Send for a free sample, and try it. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00 all druggists.

THE SINKING OF THE DELILAH.

First Story of the Sea, Based on the Use of Wireless Telegraphy.

At the extreme end of the Cornish coast, on the most southerly point of England, stand the sentinels of the past and the future. A great ragged rock rears its head above the sea some four miles from the shore barren, but for tufts of sickly grass, uninhabited save by the sea birds. Once a guide to the unweildly ships that sailed seeking empires, a landmark to sailors, the first glimpse of homeland to wanderers; now a danger-mark to the huge black liners—a forgotten sentinel of the past.

And a little inland a small turret house, with a wooden mast pointing skyward, and square glass eyes ever staring oceanward, stands as the sentinel of the future—the future of the wireless telegraphy.

The clouds had been driving round the Lizard point for several days, forming solid banks of blackness in the southwest, swooping across the green seas, that hourly grew more restless, and often hiding the old barren rock from the strongest telescope. The lonely watcher—one by day and one by night—in the gray house Marconi's wireless telegraph station of the south, had long known of the approach of the storm. Ships already caught in its fierce clutches had telegraphed its advent to the watcher, and he, Jove-like, had hurled electric warnings of the danger to other boats.

John Priest felt the nervous excitement in the air communicate itself to his body, filling him with a vague unrest and fear.

His companion was waiting at the door.

"I'm glad you're not late," he said. "I fear even now I shall get caught in the storm before I can cover those three miles along the cliff. Good night."

"Good night," replied John Priest. He watched the other run swiftly down the path and along the cliffs. He felt a strange longing to call him back. The quiet threatening of the night, quivering with electricity and storm, thrilled his nerves.

"I wonder what's wrong with me?" he said aloud, and then checked himself, unpleasantly conscious of his own voice.

Nothing living was visible—not even a tree; not a bird on the wing; nothing. With an effort he laughed and banged and bolted the door loudly, and entered the operating room—the room with the square eyes facing seaward. It was a round, plainly furnished chamber, containing one comfortable sofa, a bookshelf filled with books, several maps and charts, a list of rules and explanations concerning the working of the Marconi wireless telegraph, and in the centre of the room the instrument itself.

Priest looked at his watch. Eleven hours and a half of solitary confinement, practically cut off from all human communication.

When he looked at his watch again what had seemed an hour proved 15 minutes. Then he swore quietly at himself for a fool and filled his pipe deliberately. As he put it to his lips a sudden blaze of light lit the room and a terrible crash rent the air, tearing silence and the night asunder and echoing from cliff to cliff.

With the first great crash all the elements sprang to life. To the watcher it seemed as if fire, earth, air and water were swirling and struggling through space, inextricably mixed together.

How long he watched with awe and wonder he did not know but the rushing winds howled him into a semi-conscious sleep, in which he heard the waves rising and roaring nearer and nearer.

He awoke with a start, feeling something or some one had spoken to him. The yellow light burned more dimly, but instinctively he glanced first at the Marconi instrument. All was in order. The tapper was silent, motionless. As he wondered what had suddenly called him the instrument clicked.

He drew his chair to the table and bent over the instrument and waited. Again that little spark of light behind him and simultaneously the click—dot—dot—LE—LE—LE—DH—DH—DH—it said.

"DH!" that was no trick of the storm; yet he did not know the call. Quickly he turned to the code:

"DH"—S. S. Delilah mail and passenger steamer 9000 tons—Good heavens! what did the Delilah want and where was she? Surely, if he remembered right, she was due in Liverpool two days ago.

For an instant Priest hesitatingly watched and listened. From whence amidst the thousands of miles of mad waves was this message sent? With unsteady hand he held his machine and replied:

"Go on," and waited. No answer. He held his breath and counted the seconds.

At last an answer "LE" again; an instant's pause then the machine began slowly with many pauses and

breaks as if the message flying on magnetic wings through space to the little gray turret on the Cornish coast, was battling each yard of its way with the wind, the sea and the rain—the machine began to spell its message:

"The Delilah—damaged by terrific seas—fear fast sinking—five hundred passengers—send help—"

Flash "DH. Where are you?"

He found a difficulty in breathing—now the seconds dragged—minutes, surely, now, and no answer. Again, "Where are you?"

At last an answer: "S. S. W. of Lizard; about one hundred miles off; instruments damaged; rudder broken; can keep afloat few more hours—is help. . . ." The rest was unreadable; still the tapper clicked again "is help—"

With horrible vividness he saw 500 men and women huddled together on the sinking ship in the midst of the raging tempest waiting, for that answer, praying heaven that it might be "Yes," trusting, believing it would be "Yes."

His hand moved slowly, steadily now, as he spelled out four words in the darkness.

"Impossible to send help."

Five hundred men and women, husbands, wives, lovers! Children, too—He had sent death.

He jumped from his chair and rushed to the window and stared out; black, black everywhere! Impotently he beat his hands against the window and mercilessly the rain and the wind and the sea spume beat back.

Back to his seat he rushed, and of a sudden an inspiration came. If, perchance, there was another boat anywhere near that he could telegraph to!

He relit the lamp and turned up the book giving the names of vessels fitted with wireless telegraphy. The last boat on the list, the Scotsman, there was just a chance she might be in the English channel, the vaguest chance, he knew, but it was possible.

Hastily he telegraphed now: "Am trying to signal Scotsman; if within distance will send her to help you."

He waited for an answer but none came. Had she already gone down?

If so—hastily he changed the signal call—the machine clicked—and waited. He was fighting the storm now, fighting Nature who gives no quarter; fighting earth who open-mouthed, panted for 500 lives.

Why didn't she answer? Wherever she was she should receive the message! Ah, at last—

"M. S. Delilah sinking fast. Are you near enough to help?"

Presently the answer:

"Fear impossible but will look out for her—trying to beat down Channel myself." Then after a long pause: "Am trying to get into communication with her."

Again Priest flashed: "For God's sake do your best—500 passengers."

He waited and for an instant the silence lifted and he heard an exultant shriek from the wind and sea outside and the house trembled. Where were those 500 souls?

Click.

Close over the table he bent and held his breath:

"Cannot keep afloat until the morning. Have you been able to send help?"

"Yes. Spoken Scotsman betting down Channel. She is looking for you. Keep afloat as long as possible. All I can do—" his fingers ceased to move, the horror of having done no more, the weakness of that message!

Again the tapper moved, and now he feared what it would spell.

"Thanks. Don't leave instrument. Communicate with us long as possible or until Delilah sinks."

A few minutes elapsed and no further message was sent; then, suddenly with long pauses between each letter—

"We are getting out the boats." Another pause that seemed hours. A flash of lightning momentarily filled the room with a blue glare, and the crash of thunder deafened Priest for a moment. When the last rumble died away he heard the wireless instrument again clicking. Had he missed something during that appalling crash? "Have launched one of the boats." A pause that seemed to last for hours. Then, "Boat has overturned with 20 passengers. All lost."

Another wait longer than the first. In imagination Priest saw men and women struggling in the relentless waves. He pictured the others huddling at the side of the helpless liner, and at each flash of lightning thought he could see the ghastly terror on pale faces. "Good heaven, they will drown, drown!" he cried aloud, in agony.

Again the instrument ticked out its piteous message: "Two more boats launched. Both overturned. Fear must abandon hope; fast filling."

A long pause. Priest sat motionless, his eyes steadfast on the machine coldly ticking of approaching doom

to the only man in the world who knew and could not save.

Then—"Passengers have behaved splendidly. Perfect order; no panic."

A still longer pause. Priest dropped from the chair to his knees and began hysterically to pray, while he watched with staring eyes the tapper and heard the click—dot—beathammerlike into his brain.

"Passengers four hundred and forty—two fifty men, one seventy women, twenty children—remainder crew, officers—"

"Save them, save them!" cried Priest aloud, and the storm shrieked derisively. Unconsciously his fingers, convulsively touching the machine, spelled these two words, and the message was carried out into the night, over the seas, to the sinking ship.

"There is still hope" the women whispered; "he is sending for help." But the men—guessed.

"Cannot decipher your last message—stern of ship nearly under water—a matter of minutes now—passengers ask will you kindly convey to friends"—the letters advanced before Priest's eyes, and became confused. He fancied he heard the voices of men and women calling—he sprang to the window and looked out. A pale gray light in the east. Was that dawn?

The tapper still clicked, but the words spelt were confused—then it stopped.

What is happening now beyond that bar of light, on the gray dawn?

Where is the Scotsman?

Frantically he seized the instrument and called the Scotsman again.

He is answered: "Have sighted Delilah—making for aer."

One two, three, four—how the minutes slide away, each one an hour.

Ten, fifteen—the bar of light has grown; the gray dawn peeps of a sudden through the square windows of the little house, the Sentinel of the Future, and touches the cold, bare sides of the rock at sea, the Sentinel of the Past, and John Priest hears a rush and swirl of waters—and then an oppressive silence and a void. Still he watches the machine; the tapper quivers; the final message slowly spells itself: "Have passed up and down where saw Delilah; nothing visible save wreckage. Scotsman."

That is the final message. The gray dawn is over all now.—New York News.

So Sweetly Innocent.

He had been to the boarding school to pay a surprise visit to his daughter, his only child. He had parted from her, proud to be the parent of such a handsome maiden, pleased with the innocence of budding womanhood. The principal accompanied him to the door.

"Madam," he said, with deep feeling, "I owe you much for the manner in which you have reared my child since she has been under your care. When I notice the contrast between that innocent maiden and some of the girls of her age, who have not had the advantage of such strict supervision, I feel that I have indeed done wisely in placing her in your charge."

"And how proud you must be," said the principal, glowing with satisfaction, "to be the father of so large and devoted a family."

"Large—devoted!" gasped the proud parent. "What do you mean?"

"Devoted to each other," said the principal. "No fewer than seven of Clara's brothers have been here during the past three weeks to take her out, and she is expecting another tomorrow."—Tit-Bits.

Voices of the Ice.

The winter of the far north is not wholly silent, although so little life is manifested at that season. A paragraph from Captain Koldewey's account of his winter's stay in the east coast of Greenland, remarks the Youth's Companion, makes this fact very clear:

All these movements of the ice—the gradual crowding and pressing, bending and pushing, the breaking of the masses of snow lying at the "ice-foot"—do not go on noiselessly, but are generally accompanied by certain sounds, which are called "voices" of the ice.

Now we hear a low singing, splashing or grumbling alternating with various other noises, cracking and snapping; now it sounds irregularly from a great distance, like a confusion of human voices, the changing din of a train or a sledging party, or you fancy you hear the steps and voices of all sorts of animals.

There is a charm in listening to these sounds on a still night.

The Bride.

"Haven't I married you before?" asked the clergyman, pleasantly, of the young lady from Chicago who was about to be joined to the young man from Oshkosh.

"Only twice," she murmured, coyly, and the ceremony went on.—Boston Post.

Serenity.

"I am very much afraid," said the friend "that it will be hard for you to be re-elected."

"Not a bit," answered Senator Sorghum. "It may be expensive; but not difficult."—Washington Star.

ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT.

THE BRITISH POSSESSION DEVASTATED BY A VOLCANO.

It is Divided by a Mountain Ridge—Its Population Almost Wholly Rural—Kingston the Capital and Trading Centre—Previous Outbreak of La Soufriere.

From the information received it would seem that the present volcanic eruption on the island of St. Vincent is almost exactly a counterpart of that of 1812, heretofore the greatest event in the history of the island, the next in importance to it and in havoc wrought being the terrific hurricane which on the 11th of September, 1893, swept from Barbadoes across the Windward Islands, making St. Vincent its chief victim, although our own Porto Rico suffered severely.

A ridge of mountains crosses the island, dividing it into eastern and western parts. Kingston, the capital, a town of 8,000 inhabitants, is on the southward side and stretching along the shores of a beautiful bay, with mountains gradually rising behind it in the form of a vast amphitheatre. Three streets, broad and lined with good houses, run parallel to the waterfront. There are many other interesting highways, some of which lead back to the foothills, from which good roads ascend the mountains.

The majority of the houses have red tile roofing and a goodly number of them are of stone, one story high, with thick walls after the Spanish style—the same types of houses that were in St. Pierre and which are not unlike the old Roman houses which in all stages of ruin and semi-preservation are found in Pompeii to this day.

Behind the great mass of the houses of the town looms the governor's residence and the buildings of the botanical gardens overlooking the town.

Kingstown is the trading center and the one town of importance in the island. It contains the churches and chapels of five Protestant denominations and a number of excellent schools. Away from Kingstown the population is almost wholly rural, occupying scattered villages which consist of negro huts clustering around a few substantial buildings or of cabins grouped about old plantation buildings somewhat after the ante-bellum fashion in our own Southern states.

The entire population of the island is about 45,000, of whom 30,000 are Africans and about 3,000 Europeans, the rest being made up of Asiatics with a sprinkling of mixed Caribs. The negroes in many cases are land owners, and arrow root, since the decay of the sugar industry now all but extinct, is the chief export.

In an island only eighteen miles long by eleven broad there is not room for any distinctly marked mountain range. The whole of St. Vincent in fact is a fantastic jumble of hills, culminating in the volcanic ridge which runs lengthwise of the oval shaped island. Beautiful valleys at various points, in fact, intersect this ridge. The culminating peak of the great volcanic mass, for St. Vincent is nothing more, is the Morne Garou, of which La Soufriere is a sort of lofty excrecence in the northwest and flanking the main peak at some distance away.

It may be said that all of the volcanic mountains in this part of the West Indies have what the people call a "soufriere"—a "sulphur pit," or "sulphur crater"—the name coming, as in the case of past disturbances of Mont Pelee, Martinique, from the strong stench of sulphuretted hydrogen which issues from them when the volcano becomes agitated.

In 1812 it was La Soufriere adjacent to the Morne Garou which broke loose on the island of St. Vincent and it is the same Soufriere which now has devastated the island and is bombarding Kingstown with rocks, lava and ashes.

The old crater of Morne Garou has long been extinct, and like the old crater of Mont Pelee, near St. Pierre, it had far down in its depths, surrounded by sheer cliffs from 500 to 800 feet high, a lake.

Glimpses of the lake of Morne Garou were difficult to get, owing to the thick verdure growing about the dangerous edges of the precipices, but those who have seen it describe it as a beautiful sheet of deep blue water.

Despatches from Barbadoes, 100 miles to the east of St. Vincent, stated that the explosions and mighty volcanic cannonading at St. Vincent were distinctly heard there, that the sky was black with the great mass of smoke and dust hanging overhead and the entire surface of the Barbadoes was covered with a thick coating of ashes.

This is precisely a repetition of what happened at the time of the terrible St. Vincent eruption in 1812. What amazed people then was that this smoke and the great dense clouds of ashes and impalpable dust should be borne so far seaward in the very teeth of the strong trade winds which blow toward the southwest. The explanation of this phenomenon was then, as it is now, that the force of the explosion, from the volcano hurled the smoke and litter miles high into

the air, and they were way above the trade winds and there met the reverse air currents going in the opposite direction.

Barbadoes is totally dissimilar in its natural features to any of the volcanic chain of the Caribbean Islands. It resembles a pear in outline, with the narrow end pointing to the north, and is slightly concave on the east. In configuration the island is elevated, and yet not mountainous, the highest point, near the center, Mount Hillaby, being 1,100 feet, from which the land descends in a series of low terraces on all sides to the sea.

The aspect of the country is that of a beautiful rural landscape interspersed with groups of neat houses and plantations surrounded by gardens and trees and dotted here and there with windmills, which resemble those that are so marked a feature of the landscape of Holland.

The whole area of the island is occupied and of its total acreage of 106,470 every foot is under cultivation except 6,470 acres occupied by towns, cliffs and highways. Almost its sole industry is sugar cane growing, and it has been said that if Cuba were as closely cultivated as Barbadoes it would produce enough sugar to supply the entire world.

The only foreign trip George Washington ever made was to Barbadoes, when he went there with his brother, Lawrence, and among other adventures caught the smallpox.—New York Sun.

The Hairpin in Science.

A scientific writer in American Medicine pays a glowing tribute to the hairpin. He finds that it is of almost inestimable value to the surgeon, who can use it "to pin bandages, to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage, as a curette for scraping away soft material, to compress a blood vessel in controlling a hemorrhage, and to close a wound." In addition to these uses the gentleman has used the hairpin to probe wounds and to wire bones together in cases of fracture. But it is not in surgery only that the hairpin is useful. It may take the place of a suspender button or help out when an automobile breaks down. Perhaps if the truth were known many a locomotive has been held together, at a pinch, by a hairpin, and we are not surprised that the writer for American Medicine suggests that it would always be well for man to carry a supply of hairpins in his pocket. Such a practice would undoubtedly have important advantages, but there is a better and more pleasant plan. If it could be so arranged that a man might always have at least one companionable lady near him the highest usefulness of the hairpin might be developed. Men are, after all, but bunglers when they endeavor to use this delicate instrument. For the best results from the hairpin, therefore, it is cheerfully recommended that the lady be taken along.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Story of King Edward.

An interesting story is told of King Edward VII in the People's Friend. It is to the effect that his Majesty, while staying as a guest at a certain country mansion, visited the village school unexpectedly and began to ask the children a few questions. "Now, my young friends," said King Edward cheerfully, "I dare say some of you can tell me the names of a few of our greatest kings and queens, eh?" With one accord they cried out: "King Alfred and Queen Victoria, sir." Just then a tiny slip of a boy, to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something, stood up and raised his hand. "Do you know another, my boy?" asked the king. "Yes, your Majesty—King Edward II." His Majesty laughed, and again asked: "What great act has King Edward VII done, pray?" The boy lowered his head and stammered out: "I don't know, your majesty!" Don't be distressed, my lad," said our gracious king, smiling; "I don't know either."

Opera Glass That Folds.

A pocket opera glass on an entirely new principle has just been introduced in Paris. It is known as "La Reine." When in use the lenses are entirely protected against outside light, and when folded it conveniently slips in the pocket, and here the delicate surfaces of the glass are also protected from coming in contact with any foreign substance calculated to injure them. When closed for the pocket it is perfectly flat, only one-half an inch thick, so that no carrying case whatever is required.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Unkind.

"My father is real rude to the young men who call on me," confided Miss Keedick to Miss Tenspot. "I don't suppose your papa tries to drive young men away."

"My papa isn't rude, but he's real mean to the young men," confessed Miss Tenspot. "He borrows money of them."—Detroit Free Press.

Royalty's Limitations.

"Emperor William owns 359 carriages, so this paper says."

"Poor chap."

"Poor chap? I should say lucky chap."

"But he can't ride in more than one of them at once."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Machine For Laying Brick.
Commercial Agent F. S. & Johnson, of Stanbridge, Canada, reports a recent invention, which consists of bricklaying by machinery instead of by hand. He says: "The machine, worked by two men and a lad, will lay 400 to 600 bricks per hour. Door and window spaces cause only a slight delay. The machine is suited for all plain work, such as walls, sheds, mills, factories, rows of cottages, piers of bridges, etc. Considerable pressure is put on the bricks, and it is claimed that the work is more firmly done than by hand. The invention will do the work of six or seven skilled bricklayers, and it is believed that a machine adapted to build a factory about sixty by forty feet could be put on the market for \$500. The apparatus can be readily worked after a fortnight's instruction."

DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder Pills.
For Piles, Burns, Sores.

The United States Steel Corporation will be able to worry along even with a cut of seventy-five per cent. in receipts. With assets of one billion and a half and earnings at the rate of \$140,000,000 per annum net the fixed charges are only \$32,000,000, including the sinking fund. On this basis the Carnegie library and church organ crusade can go on indefinitely.

NOT OVER-WISE.—There is an old allegorical picture of a girl scared at a grass-hopper, but in the act of heedless treading on a snake. This is paralleled by the man who spends a large sum of money building a cyclone cellar, but neglects to provide his family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a safeguard against bowel complaints, whose victims outnumber those of the cyclone a hundred to one. This remedy is everywhere recognized as the most prompt and reliable medicine in use for these diseases. For sale by Randolph Wehler.

The wealthiest young man in the United States is poring over his books in Orange, N. J. He is Marcellus Hartley Dodge, aged 19, heir to \$60,000,000, bequeathed to him by his grand-father, the late Marcellus Hartley. He is a strange millionaire.

DYSENTERY CURED WITHOUT THE AID OF A DOCTOR.—"I am just up from a hard spell of the flux" (dysentery) says Mr. T. A. Pinner, a well known merchant of Drummond, Tenn. "I used one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and was cured without having a doctor. I consider it the best cholera medicine in the world." There is no need of employing a doctor when this remedy is used, for no doctor can prescribe a better medicine for bowel complaint in any form either for children or adults. It never fails and is pleasant to take. For sale by Randolph Wehler.

Record Your Deeds.

By examination of the late Act of the Legislature, approved May 19th, A. D. 1893, it will be seen that all Deeds and Conveyances made and executed after the passage of this Act, shall be recorded in the Office for the Recording of Deeds, &c., within ninety days, or else be adjudged fraudulent and void as to any subsequent purchaser.

All persons holding unrecorded Deeds will see the importance of having them recorded, without further delay.
H. G. WEHLER, Recorder.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Public Sale
OF A DESIRABLE PROPERTY!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23rd, 1902, the undersigned, Executors of the estate of Samuel Stough, dec'd., will offer at public sale on the premises, a TRACT OF LAND, containing 6 Acres (more or less), situate in Mount Pleasant township, Adams county, Pa., along the old Carlisle road, about 2 miles West of New Oxford, near Swift Run school house, adjoining lands of L. H. Miller and L. E. Melhorn; improved with a 2 1/2 Story Frame Dwelling House, with Out-kitchen attached; never-failing well of water and cistern, Good Barn with wagon shed, hog pen, hen house and corn crib attached, fruit of all kinds, etc. The land is in a high state of cultivation and under good fencing. The buildings are all in first-class repair. This is a most desirable home, convenient to schools, churches, mills and markets, and should command the attention of purchasers. Persons desiring to view the property can do so by calling upon Mrs. Stough, residing thereon. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p.m. Terms by

AUGUSTUS STOUGH, } Executors
LEONARD STOUGH, }
CHARLES STOUGH, }

A lot of the same time and place, will be offered a Tract of Farm Land, containing 20 Acres, situate in Straban township, along the road leading from New Chester to Gettysburg pike, 1 mile west of New Chester, adjoining lands of Sam'l Cashman and Mrs. Jerrie Laughlin.

DR. J. A. BAER.
Physician and Surgeon.

Located in the EXMERT BUILDING, New Oxford, Pa. All calls promptly answered.

Wm. W. Fischer, Harry L. Miller
J. W. FISCHER & CO.,
Books, Stationery
and School Supplies.

Center Square, HANOVER, Pa.
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE

JUST LOOK AT HER.—Whence came that sprightly step, faultless skin, rich, rosy complexion, smiling face. She looks good, feels good. Here's her secret. She uses Dr. King's New Life Pills. Result,—all organs active, digestion good, no headaches, no chance for "blues." Try them yourself. Only 25c at Randolph Wehler's.

H. O. Shaffer, of Williamsport, is under heavy bail for furnishing false information to a newspaper. He had a statement of the marriage of a young couple published and the young lady did not relish the joke. A fine not to exceed \$500 and an imprisonment of not over two years is the penalty prescribed by the law.

Will Make Affidavit

New Lease of Life for an Iowa Postmaster.

Postmaster R. H. Randall, Dunlap, Ia., says: I suffered from indigestion and resulting evils for years. Finally I tried Kodol. I soon knew I had found what I had long looked for. I am better today than in years. Kodol gave me a new lease of life. Anyone can have my affidavit to the truth of this statement. Kodol digests your food. This enables the system to assimilate supplies, strengthening every organ and restoring health.

Kodol Makes You Strong.
Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The full bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 50c. size.

For sale at Wehler's drug store.

Ordinance No. 80.

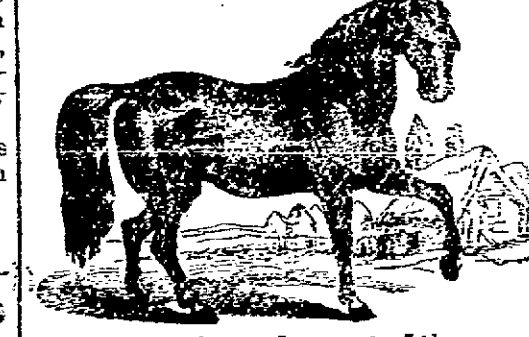
Be it enacted by the Town Council of the Borough of McSherrytown, and it is hereby ordained by authority of the same, that a grade of pavement on the Southwest side of Square, beginning on the summit in front of the residence of John Yantis, thence Northwest 45 feet 4 inches to corner, with a falling grade of seven and eight-tenths inches, thence West 18 feet 3 inches, with a falling grade of 3 inches; thence to Northwest corner of North Street and Square 38 feet and 5 inches, with falling grade of 6 and six-tenths inches; thence West along North Street to summit 139 feet West along South side, with a rising grade of 2 and five-eighths inches. This is along the property of E. A. Bollinger.

Grade of pavement along Northwest side of Square: Beginning at summit on North Street, 139 feet east with a falling grade of 2 inches and five-eighths; thence Northwest 39 feet 9 inches with a falling grade of 8 inches, thence East 30 feet 10 inches with a falling grade of 6 and one-eighth inches.

All ordinances inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.
Enacted and ordained this 9th day of July, A. D., 1902.

JOHN ELINE, President.
JOS. BURKEE, Sec'y.
JAMES H. POIST, Burgess.

KENTUCKY Mules & Horses.



Monday, August 4th,
The undersigned will receive at his sale and exchange stables, the above date, one car load of Ohio and Kentucky horses, for sale or exchange. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees all other persons concerned, that the Administration accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams county, for confirmation and allowance on SATURDAY, the 23rd day of AUGUST, 1902, at 10:30 o'clock, a. m., viz:

217. First and final account of Joseph H. Sheely, Administrator of the estate of Daniel Sheely, late of Mount Pleasant township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

218. First and final account of Frank M. Miller, Executor of the last will and testament of Samuel McLaughlin, late of New Oxford Borough, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

219. First and final account of John P. Batt, Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Rose, late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

220. First and final account of William Warren Stewart and David M. Stewart, Executors of Mrs. Lillian M. Stewart, late of the borough of York Springs, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

221. First and final account of William Yeatts, Executor of the last will and testament of Nancy M. Yeatts, late of Straban township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

222. First and final account of William Yeatts, Administrator of the estate of William Yeatts, late of Straban township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

223. First and final account of Edward Bowlers, Administrator of the estate of Henry Hollen, late of Berwick township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

224. First and final account of William Yeatts, Testamentary Trustee under the will of Rachael Stallsmith, dec'd., late of Straban township, Adams county, Pa., as stated by M. Elia Yeatts, Administrator of Wm. Yeatts, deceased.

225. Second and final account of William H. Overbaugh, Executor of the last will and testament of Joseph V. Stambaugh, deceased.

226. First and final account of John R. Dittinger, Administrator of the estate of Ervin W. Harman, late of Berwick township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

227. First and final account of David B. Herr, Executor of the last will and testament of Barbara Herr, late of Gettysburg township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

H. G. WEHLER, Register.

Cast and Wrought Iron Scrap Wanted!

Now is the time for farmers to gather all the Scrap Iron about the place and sell it as the price is very high at the present time.

The Weaver M'fg. Co.,
of New Oxford are now paying the following prices:

Heavy machinery cast iron, such as horse powers, mowers, ten-plate stoves, etc., 65c per hundred lbs.

Light machinery, light stoves and soft plow irons, 55c per hundred lbs.

Chilled plow irons and all kinds of wrought and steel scrap, 45c per hundred lbs.

As we remelt this iron and manufacture it into new casting, we are therefore in a position to PAY MORE than any iron dealer in the country, and are therefore justified in making the above quotations. If you have any iron to sell give us a call, we pay spot cash.

Respectfully Yours,
The Weaver M'fg Co.

Save Your Health

by using Pure **Groceries** and Provisions.

We do not sell cheap goods, but the best goods cheap. Our line was never more complete.

~ OUR LINE OF ~
Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Candies, &c., are also always fresh and up-to-date.

YOU WILL FIND

in our Restaurant the finest oysters procurable, put up in any style. Our Ice Cream is made of pure sweet cream—no milk in ours—and in all the popular flavors, furnished in any quantity desired. We can not only furnish you with oysters and ice cream, but with everything kept in a first-class place of this kind, including the most popular soft drinks.

C. E. DIEHL, CENTER SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Office Supplies A Specialty.
Brigg's Letter Filer, Large Stock of Blank Books, Carter's Ink, Typewriter Ribbon and Carbon Paper, Steel Pens, Envelopes, Ink and Pencil Tablets, Ink Stands, &c.

WE ASK YOU KINDLY TO GIVE US A TRIAL.

BRIGGS' BOOK STORE.
ORAM T. BRIGGS, Center Square, YORK, PA.

THEO. E. WARNER
HAS MADE

A BIG DROP IN BEEF
by the Quarter, for the Fall season, at his Meat Store next to Sheely & Bro.'s dry goods store, CENTER SQUARE, NEW OXFORD.

On account of the drop in the cattle market I am able to sell beef, by the quarter and half quarter at the following prices:

Hind Quarter 8 to 9c. Front Quarter 6 to 6 1/2c.

Neck and Chuck for sausage 7 to 8c. Any one needing Sausage Meat will save money by coming to see me before buying elsewhere.

Will pay 6c per pound for Pork this week.

I am buying beef hides and paying from 6 to 8c per lb for them this week! Don't forget and come to see me for Beef this fall.

DENTISTRY! Not in the Combine.

OUR PRICES.

Best Teeth.....\$5.00 Silver Filling.....50c
Gold Crowns.....3.00 Vitilized Air.....25c
Gold Filling.....1.00 All work guaranteed 5 years.

DR. W. W. WOGAN, The Leading Dentist, 3 S. George St. York.

Do You Want A Waist?

We have just placed our entire line of

LADIES' White & Colored SHIRT WAISTS

on Special Sale We have made the price so low that it insures us a quick clearance sale. Call early while the sizes are complete.

M. B. Carver & Sons,
HANOVER, PA.

When You Need
Flour, Meal, Graham, or Bran, Middlings, or FEED of any kind, send your order to me and it will receive careful and immediate attention. Goods delivered free at your door.

WHEN YOU HAVE
Wheat, Rye, Corn or Oats to sell remember I pay TOP CASH PRICES.

J. R. Hartman.
New Oxford Flouring Mills,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Notice!
Cider Making.
The undersigned will have his Cider Press running at the New Oxford Flouring Mills, from Aug. 12, Tuesday of Each Week during the apple season. As the apple crop is not large it would not justify me to have press run more than one day of each week. No cider will be made on any other days.

J. R. Hartman.

FURNITURE.

I have now the most Complete Stock of Furniture

that has ever been exhibited in New Oxford. The stock comprises everything for the housekeeper, or those who contemplate going to housekeeping. Hundreds of

Thrifty Housekeepers have taken advantage of our extraordinary bargains offered and have saved money thereby. The

Prices are Unprecedented, showing unusual care in selecting good goods and a knowledge of the manufacturers' bottom prices.

—Drop in and see our stock and grand display in our new large rooms.

Undertaking a Specialty.

A. S. FEISER,
Philadelphia St., - New Oxford

One Car Load of INDIANA - HORSES AT LITTLESTOWN.

the undersigned will receive at his Sale and Exchange Stables, one car load of fine Indiana Horses, among them are some excellent drivers and horses for all purposes. Will also buy all kinds of fat horses suitable for the southern markets.

M. A. SPALDING,
Littlestown, Pa.

Western Maryland Railroad
—CONNECTING WITH—
P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. R. R. at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Briceville and Hanover; and P. W. & B. N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

BALTIMORE & HARRISBURG DIVISION
Schedule in effect June 22, 1902.

DOWNWARD.		STATIONS.		UPWARD.	
P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	A. M.
7:00	7:30	Le Williamsport	12:05	8:25	
7:10	7:40	Hagerstown	12:15	8:35	
7:20	7:50	Ar Edgmont	11:41	7:55	
1:05	5:35	Le Ship'sburg	1:02	8:57	
1:45	6:15	Chambersburg	12:35	8:20	
2:10	6:40	Waynesboro	11:58	7:52	
2:34	7:04	Ar Edgmont	11:41	7:55	
2:53	7:23	Le Edgmont	11:38	7:22	
2:58	7:28	Ar Highfield	11:25	7:18	
2:58	7:50	Le Highfield	11:22	7:15	
3:24	8:16	Fairfield	10:45	6:47	
3:35	8:24	Ortanna	10:39	6:36	
3:58	8:28	McKightsburg	10:35	6:31	
3:42	8:32	New Stars	10:22	6:28	
3:52	8:42	Gettysburg	10:21	6:19	
4:01	8:51	New Oxford	10:10	6:07	
4:13	9:07	Berlin Junction	9:55	5:54	
4:31	9:20	Hanover	9:45	5:39	
4:45	9:35	Porters	9:37	5:25	
4:51	9:40	Shippensburg	9:33	5:20	
5:01	9:49	Green Ridge	9:14	5:12	
5:09	9:51	Glenview	9:12	5:10	
5:12	9:55	Lineboro	9:01	5:09	
5:20	10:04	Alexandria	8:57	5:04	
5:32	10:17	Green Mount	8:49	5:11	
5:37	10:17	Hampstead	8:42	5:11	
5:44	10:22	Aradia	8:36	5:11	
5:55	10:31	Woodensburg	8:26	5:11	
6:00	10:55	Ar Emly's Gro	8:22	5:11	
6:02	10:36	Le Emly's Gro	8:21	5:15	
7:00	11:29	Ar Baltimore	7:25	10:12	5:32
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays leave Gettysburg for Hanover and intermediate stations at 4:35 p.m.

Mixed Train leave Highfield daily except Sunday 11:30 a.m., stopping at intermediate points, arriving Hanover 4:35 p.m.

BERLIN BRANCH—Daily except Sunday. Leave Hanover for Berlin Junction at 6:05 and 9:45 a.m. and 12:45 and 5:42 p.m. Leave Berlin Junction for Gettysburg and East Berlin at 6:45 and 10:00 a.m., 12:57 and 5:55 p.m.

Leave East Berlin for Berlin Junction at 6:00, 8:35 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. and 3:45 p.m. Leave Berlin Junction for Hanover at 9:07 a.m. and 12:01 and 4:18 p.m.

HANOVER JUNCTION BRANCH—Leave New Oxford for Hanover Junction and intermediate stations at 12:00 p.m. daily except Sunday, and leave Hanover Junction for Hanover and intermediate stations at 1:30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

EASTERN EXTENSION B. & H. DIVISION—Leave Porters for York and 1 intermediate stations at 7:30 and 9:35 a.m. and 12:34 and 5:27 p.m. Leave York for Porters and intermediate stations at 9:00 and 12:30 a.m. and 4:19 and 6:59 p.m., and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays leave York at 12:00 p.m. and arriving Gettysburg at 1:15 p.m. will be run through to Pen-Mar. Returning, leave Pen-Mar 6:20 p.m.

ON SUNDAYS ONLY—Leave Hanover for Baltimore and intermediate stations at 5:56 a.m. Leave Baltimore for Hanover and intermediate stations at 9:35 a.m.

PODOMAC & VALLEY RAIL ROAD—Leave Hagerstown for Clear Spring, Clear Spring, Big Pool and Cherry Run at 8:03 a.m. and 12:10 and 5:07 p.m. Leave Cherry Run for Hagerstown and intermediate stations at 5:10 and 9:20 a.m. and 5:45 p.m.

CONNECTIONS AT CHERRY RUN, W. VA. B. & O. passenger trains leave Cherry Run for Cumberland and intermediate points, daily, at 8:55 a.m., Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago Express, daily, at 1:14 p.m. Chicago Express, daily, at 5:34 p.m.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager.
E. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

S. M. MANFOLD, Supt. E. & H. Div.
JOSEPH J. EIB, Dir. Passenger Agt.

Have your Job Printing done at the ITEM office. Prices the lowest.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE